Minerva's Triumph:

OR,

Gramar and Rhetorick

In all the Parts of them,

Perſonated by Youths

IN

DRAMATICK SCENES

IN A

Country School.

Preſented to the View of all that Love Learning, but eſpecially Recommended to the Peruſal of Young Schollars, and the uſe of Schools at their Breakings up.

By ſeveral School-Maſters.

LONDON,
Printed for *Dan. Brown* at the Black-Swan and Bible without *Temple-Bar*, 1683.

643. a. 38

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THE PREFACE.

THough I am of Opinion, that amongſt Epiſtles and Prefaces to Books, ſcarce one in two thouſand fully Anſwers all the great Ends for which it was originally deſign'd, viz. to convince the Courteous Reader, that he has a notable Bargain, and ſupple the hard-hearted Critick into a good humour of pardoning the Errors or Follies he may chance to meet with; yet a Van-guard Complement is very requiſite, and ſhews at leaſt ſomething of Good manners and reſpect, which in this Age are no Common Qualifications in an Author; the more need too there is here of a preliminary addreſs, becauſe it wants the ornament of a ſwelling Dedication, the uſual Scandalum Magnatum practic'd by modern Wit-Coyners, who under that ſtamp of Illuſtrious Names, hope ſecurely to put off the baſeſt Metals for current Sterling.

The moſt taking recommendation I can beſtow on the following Leaves will perhaps be, That they are New, no inconſiderable charm, when Novelties

are

are ſo much in requeſt, I would add too, that 'tis no Tranſlation, *did I not juſtly fear that might prejudice the* Bookſeller *by ſpoiling the Sale, ſince nothing, but what is* Out-landiſh *obtains, and French* noiſe *is generally preferr'd before Engliſh* ſenſe; *nay let me tell you, the matter and* Fancy *as well as* ſtile *is freſh, and never before ſullied with any others Ink, a grand rarity! Now* Plagiariſm *is ſo Epidemical, and the moſt* celebrated Authors *prove but* Eccho's *to the Antients, and, by new dreſſing a* ſtale *diſh with a little* poinant ſawce, *acquire the reputation of excellent A-la-mode* Cooks.

The deſign is an innocent Satyre *to promote* Morality, *and by a ſurprizing kind of raillery Tax the grave* fopperies *and beloved* vices *of the doting world; when men have made the moſt ſerious* things *dwindle into* meer words; *and* Vertue *and* honeſty, *(not to ſay,* Religion and Conſcience *it ſelf) are eſteem'd or made uſe of, but as* Terms of Art *to deceive the ignorant, and ſerve the* turns *of* intereſt, faction, *or* ambition, *'tis time for ſome Philoſophical* Priſcian *to Laſh ſuch real* Soleciſms;

I oth parts were compoſed for private diverſion, and Acted *by the Lads of a Country School, where they received a general applauſe from* Juſt hands *and* Judicious heads, *and certainly ſince thoſe repreſen-*

ſentations are intended only to modulate the Tone of voice in youth, and bring them to a convenient aſſurance and apt geſture, ſuch Subjects (as more familiar and agreeable) may be as proper, and far more uſeful than the Bully-tricks of bluſtring Ajax, a dull ſtory of an amorous Sot, and a gilting Wench out of Terence, or Plautus, or any the more ſmutty ſcenes of latter drammatiſts; School-boys cannot but be hugely pleas'd to ſee thoſe Eight crabbed Tyrants, that have ſo oft occaſion'd their ſmart, now brought to the Bar and Contributing to their diverſion; to find Rhetorick, that was their Toil become their paſtime, all the moſt ufefull Tropes and Figures, firſt, properly explained, and then aptly Illuſtrated in facetious reflections on the Lives and Practices of men.

As for the Reaſons of publiſhing (if you muſt needs know) I am not infallibly certain, that it was done either to gratifie importunate Friends, or prevent ſurreptitious Copies, nor will I make Affidavit that the Author writ it all in three days and an half, Or, in the hurry of a World of other buſineſs and Avocations, for I have obſerv'd ſeveral Friends of mine have very ſolemnly made ſuch excuſes, and yet the World has not believ'd a word on't, or at leaſt concluded them Fools for Writing when they had no better Leiſure, and no body compell'd them to it, but to ſpeak the whole

Truth

Truth, I verily think, that our Author *wrote this ſmall peice (as poor folk get* Children*) for his* pleaſure, *and though he has no Cauſe to be aſham'd on't, yet like Batchellors, by their pretty Babes at other folks fires, did not much care to own it, ſo that 'tis now Printed meerly for the Book-ſellers profit and the Readers Diverſion: and if a pleaſant new* Fancy, *clear* Wit, *brisk* Satyre, *and good* Morality, *all Cloath'd with choiſe words and a well polliſht* Style, *may intitle a Book to* Sale, *I am Confident* This *will not fruſtrate either of their expectations.*

THE

The Names of the Speakers.

Mercurius Baſilicus, a Meſſenger of King *Syntaxis*.

Gymnaſiarches, the Lord Lieutenant.

Amo
Doceo
Lego
Audio
} the Lords Commiſſioners of *Syntaxis*

Mr. *Article*, the Kings Attorney General.

The Repreſentative of

Lord *Verbum*	Nobles or Verbs.
Sir *John Oneme*	Knights or Nouns.
Mr. *Antonome*	Gentlemen or Pronouns
John Metock	Yeomen or Participles.
Phillip Epirrheme	Husbandmen or Adverbs.
Demiurg. Syndon	Tradeſmen or Conjunctions.
Empony Protheſe	Labourers or Prepoſitions.
Ptocharches	Beggars or Interjections.

Castor Pol
Ithimy Utinam } two Adverbs.

Tom Vel
Ergo } two Conjunctions.

Ralph Pone
Jeffery Præ } two Prepositions.

Heu
Io
Væ } three Interjections.

A Page to *Gymnasiarches*.

Trochus, an Officer of the Commissioners.

Amandi, *Amando*, the Lord Lieutenants Secretaries.

WORDS

WORDS
Made Viſible:
OR,
GRAMMAR
Accommodated to the Lives and Manners of Men.

Colloquium Scholaſticum Puerile.

Mercurius *knocks fiercely at the door with the end of his Whip, ceaſeth, and knocks again. One of the Pages goes to the door and ſpeaks.*

Page WHo is there, that knocks ſo rudely at the *Famæ Linguarum*? [*He opens the door.*

Mer. I thought thy Maſter had kept open houſe, according to the Fame I have heard of him; which was almoſt like the Character of the Black Prince: *Cujus noctes atque*

dies patet janua. But now I ſee he keeps a Porter that can ſcarce open his gates.

Pa. I know not, Sir, what reports you have heard of my Maſters houſe-keeping; but, I hope, you ſee your ſelf miſtaken in one branch of your compariſon already, finding by experience that *Aditus ad doctrinam eſt difficilis.* Beware you find not the other part as true, as this is falſe, *Facilis deſcenſus Averni.* When my Lord builds bigger gates, he will have a bigger Porter; in the mean time a *little Porter* may ſerve to let in a *great miſchief*; and ſo, I fear, I have done.

Mer. No, fear not, I ſhall be one of the welcomeſt Gueſts that ever came within thy Maſters doors. Is my Lord Lieutenant within?

Pa. Yes, he's in his Chamber. But whether he will be within to you or no, I know not? *Nam non omnibus eſt domi.*

Mer. I pray thee away with thy bits of *Latine*, and tell him I muſt ſpeak with his Lordſhip.

Pa. I do not uſe to carry my Lord meſſages from I know not whom.

Mer. Well, I ſee, thou haſt a *Modicum* of good manners towards thy Maſter, tho thou haſt none towards me. Go tell him, that *Mercurius Baſilicus*, an Expreſs ſent from the

mighty

mighty Prince *Syntaxis*, doth humbly attend him.

Pa. Are you ſent, Sir, from that mighty Monarch to wait upon my Lord?

Mer. Yes, I am. But, I pray thee, *Sweetheart*, how comes thy ſagacious Puerility to underſtand that *Syntaxis* is ſo mighty a Prince?

Pa. Oh Sir, I have often heard my Lord ſpeak with admiration of the vaſtneſs of his Empire, the unlimitedneſs of his Dominions, the abſoluteneſs of his Power. He governs that ungovernable thing call'd the tongue of man. Our very ſpeaking of ſence depends upon his pleaſure. By his influence it is, that you and I do now talk together.

Mer. Well, and by his Command it is, that we muſt talk together no longer: for he hath ſtrictly required me with all ſpeed to deliver a Letter to thy Lords own hands.

Pa. I know, Sir, his Lordſhips hand and heart are ever open to entertain the commands of ſo gracious a Soveraign. He is ſo zealous and loyal a Servant of his Prince, that he endeavours to make all things that he has, or ſays, or does to be *Syntactical*. I will bring a ſpeedy anſwer from his Lordſhip. [*Exit.*

Mercurius *walks up and down the Room, and ſearches his Pockets for the Letter.*

Page returns and speaks.

Pa. Sir, my Lord is right glad of your coming, and hath commanded me to tell you, he will be with you immediately.

Mer. I thank you, Sweet-heart, for your civility. [*Exit Page.*

Introit Gymnasiarches *& loquitur.*

Gymn. Have you any business with me Friend.

Mer. Yes, my Lord; my Soveraign Lord the King, and his most honourable Privy-Council, greet your Honour, and command me to present you with this Letter.

[*He delivers the Letter.*

Gym. I hope his Majesty is in good health.

Mer. In good health, my Lord.

[Gymnasiar. *reads the Letter.*

Gym. Here's great news indeed: how happy am I, who after all the labours of life, do yet survive to see some dawning hopes of a happy establishment of this poor *Grammatical Kingdome*. His Majesty has chosen out of his most honourable Lords a Committee for Peace and *Pardon*, consisting of four Persons, and hath impowr'd me to hear, and finally determine all manner of grievances amongst *the eight Parts of Speech*; whom he doth by his Letter under his *Seal Manual*, command me to assemble before the said Judges: And here-

herein I do greatly rejoyce, that his Majesties Commands come so opportunely, for I have in the house with me all the *Eight parts of Speech*, whom I had summoned hither upon another account.

Mer. But will your Honour be pleased to allow me liberty humbly to enquire into the sense of the success of this affair. Your Honor will pardon the misgivings of my jealous mind, when you consider the *partiality, indiscretion, and other incompetences*, of many Judges into whose hands weighty affairs are often intrusted, and that *unquiet and perverse spirit*, that actuates this generation of men, who are resolved beforehand to declaim against every method and verdict as unreasonable, that doth not perfectly fit their humour, and serve their interest.

Gymn. There is some sense, Friend, in your surmizes: but here they must all acquiesce, for there is no liberty of further appeal: And these noble persons are so fully furnished with power to determine all matters whatsoever, that there can be no possible opposition or Tergiversation. Neither can any thing be suspected concerning the *impotency or incompetency* of these Commissioners. I cannot imagine, what farther ingredient can be desired to Constitute a perfect Judicature?

[*He looks upon his Letter.*

Here's my Lord *Audio* a discreet and sage Judge, who, for weighing and pondering of all cases and circumstances of Cases, deserves to be as nigh unto the King, as a man's ears to his head. He is also a person of great reputation amongst all the people; — *bene audit ab omnibus*: which was never said of any before. Here's my Lord *Lego*, the *principal Secretary of State*, who is so famous for a faculty of Representing, Repeating, Recognizing, Opening and Stating any Complaint or Remonstrance whatsoever; which is also a necessary ingredient in a Judge. Here's in the next place my Lord *Doceo*, a right Reverend and Learned Clergy man, whose dexterity and integrity in explaining all Laws, whereby Delinquents are to be judged, and in reproving, convincing, instructing, the Delinquents themselves are so framed throughout the whole Grammar Common-wealth, that he seems to be, in nothing, inferiour to the most absolute Italian Judge of Controversies, but that his singular modesty will not suffer him to pretend to the Infallible Chair. And in the last place, that nothing at all may be wanting to Compound a perfect Judicature, here is my Lord *Amo*, who cannot only determine matters of right, but can also reconcile the most rebellious and malignant

lignant minds of the Subjects to the Prince, and to one another. They talk of *Minerva*, that she was born of *Jupiters* brain; but certainly this noble person sprung out of his very heart; and therefore he will dwell no where but in hearts, and in none of those neither, but the most Generous, and such as do most resemble that in which himself was so wonderfully hatcht. *Quam benè conveniunt, & in uno judice constant Majestas & Amor!* And now, I pray you, Friend, why may we not reasonably hope for a righteous Sentence from so accomplisht Judges, and a perfect acquiescence in such a Sentence? I pray thee tell the World, what fair and reasonable apprehensions I have of the success of this Commission. And that it may be the more successful, I will go and treat with the several Parts of Speech, and endeavour to prepare their spirits thereunto.

Mer. I humbly acknowledge your munificence, my Lord. [*Enter Page.*

Gymn. Boy, take this man to the Butler, and Command him from me to entertain him, as becomes a Messenger from so great a Prince. [*Exit.*

Mer. Did I not tell thee, Sweetheart, that I should be a welcome Messenger to thy Lord.

Page. I knew well enough, that any Commands from the excellent King *Syntaxis*, would please his Lordships loyal heart: But when that happens also to be a message concerning peace and pardon, it is no wonder if it does mightily transport a mind so intirely and almost intemperately devoted to the prosecution of it. I have heard of a devout Western Clergy-man, who, being offended in his mind with the Controversies of the Schoolmen, and Dissentions that were amongst them, was wont to walk into his Gardens, and addressing his heart, eyes and hands to Heaven above, was often heard to ingenuate this one word, *O veritas, veritas.* So passionate a Lover my Lord seems to be of *Love*, as he was of *Truth*: for, as if he lamented the utter deficiency of it from amongst men, I have often espied him in his retirements in the like contemplative posture, affectionately repeating that verse of *Lucan*, *O sacer orbis amor!* And now I am confident he will not be at rest in himself, till he see some beautiful issue of these ugly Enmities, and disorders amongst the Kings Subjects.

Mer. Thou giveſt a fair and honourable Character of thy Lord, Sweetheart. What a sweet and sudden Composure of all differences

ferences should we see in this Commonwealth if every man were like thy Lord, carrying a Committee of Reason, Love, and Loyalty in his own breast.

Page. Miranda canis plusquam speranda. For (alas) what hope of this, so long as we see, so many persons so many parties, and every man will needs be a distinct part of speech by himself. But, Sir, methinks your present Condition more needs Hospitality than Philosophy; will you please to walk into another room and drink a Glass of my Lords Wine?

Mer. I, Sweetheart, and eat a piece of his Venison to, if you will. [*Exeunt.*

Introit Gymnasiarches, *the Kings four* Commissioners *follow him, and the Kings* Attorney.

Gymn. My Lords you are welcome, the welcomest persons that ever came under this Roof; I have often unprofitably laid to heart the intestine divisions that are amongst the Kings Subjects, and made many fruitless complaints concerning them. I hope, I do now at length see the day wherein his Majesty will know himself to be the absolute King of his Subjects hearts; the Subjects will understand what allegiance they owe so gracious

ous a Prince, and what benevolence to one another, and wherein my afflicted Spirit will be relieved in beholding all this.

And. My Lord, the Kings Majeſty doth Command us to tell you, that he hath a right dear eſteem of your Lordſhips care of the welfare of his Kingdom, and the Union of his Subjects. He doth very ſenſibly acknowledge the Endeavours, which your Lordſhip hath uſed to prevent frequent inſurrections and outrages in the Commonalty. And therefore hath ſtraitly enjoyned us to uſe your Lordſhips advice in the managing this Commiſſion, and your Authority in the Execution of it. I hope your Lordſhip will pleaſe to aſſiſt us in this great tranſaction.

Gymn. My Lord, I am not directly concerned in the Commiſſion: but whatever your Lordſhips ſhall pleaſe to enjoyn me in his Majeſties Name, to execute of your pleaſure and righteous Sentence, I ſhall be very ready to perform. I have with me in the houſe the Repreſentatives of the eight Parts of Speech, they ſhall be forth coming to attend your Lordſhips pleaſures, in the mean time, the greateſt ſervice, that I can think of doing your Lordſhip, is to treat with them a little privately, and to make them malliable to your Lordſhips Inſtructions, wherein, I hope,

I may more ſerve the ends of your Lordſhips meeting, than tho I ſhould wait upon you in the Court; altho I might thereby gratifie and edifie my ſelf by your Lordſhips wiſe and grave conſultations.

Lego. My Lord, I ſee you deſign the moſt effectual way of ſerving the publique Peace, and doubt not, but your Lordſhip would give far fairer ſpecimens of your ſelf-denial than this can amount to, which you ſpeak of. But if your Lordſhips prudence and zeal for his Majeſties ſervice, do determine you to that way of ſerving him, yet be pleaſed at leaſt to view his Majeſties Commiſſion, that you may be the better furniſht to treat with his Subjects, and we may not be interrupted by giving account of the authority whereby we ſit here this day.

Gym. My confidence in your ſeveral Lordſhips cannot be heightned nor ſtrengthened by any ſuch view, for indeed it admits of no acceſs; but for the ends, which your Lordſhip intimates, I will look upon it.

He takes the Broad Seal out of the hands of Lego, *and views it.*

I am very glad, my Lords, to ſee ſo full a power committed to ſo faithful, skilful and truſty hands. I heartily wiſh the event may fully anſwer to the gravity and wiſdome of

the

the managers, and to the hopes which all peaceable and loyal hearts have conceived of this Commission. Farewell, my Lords, and remember, I pray you, that wholesome precept, σὺν Ἀθηνᾶ καὶ χεῖρα κίνει.

Doc. We heartily thank your Lordship for your good wishes and seasonable admonition. I have been bold to suggest to their Lordships the same method, tho in a less noble language, *A Jove principium.*

Amo. I cannot but be in love with your Lordship, who gives us so sage and seasonable Counsel. The affair is weighty, and therefore *ought*, it is of a doubtful event, and therefore *must*, be committed into these supernal hands. *Charior est ipsis homo quam sibi.*

[*They bow to* Gymnasiarches *exit.*

The Judges take their Places.

Lego. My Lords, I humbly conceive that the several ranks of the Kings Subjects may most fitly be called before us, according to their quality, and therefore the Nobility ought in the first place to be admitted.

Audio. Yes, my Lord, it seems to be a very decorus method. But, if your Lordship please, first let us enquire for Mr. *Article*, the Kings *Attorny*, who must be ready to implead the several

Parts

Parts of Speech in the matters that concern the King. *Nam qui aliquid ſtatuit parte inauditâ alterâ, licet æquum ſtatuerit, haud æquus eſt.*

Lego. Your Lordſhips counſel is grave and juſt, like your ſelf. Where's Mr. *Article*?

Enter Mr. Article.

Art. *Hic ſum, Domine.*

Lego. I pray draw near Mr. *Article*, and draw up what charge you have in your Maſters name, againſt the Eight Parts of Speech, as they ſhall appear before us in order.

Amo. I pray, my Lords, let him be ſworn to deal faithfully and impartially in his Charges.

Art. My Lord, I am no witneſs, and your Lordſhip well knows, that *Attorneys* do not uſe to be ſworn to ſpeak *true things*, no more than they are bound to write *true Latine*.

Amo. I know it well enough; you go by the old *Machiavilian* maxime *Fortiter calumniare, aliquid hærebit.* But it ſeems to me, Mr. *Article*, a reaſonable thing, that even you ſhould be ſworn to bring no heavier charges than you can produce Witneſſes to confirm. For altho I know your clamours are no teſtimony, yet by the multitude and noiſe of your words, you often bring an odium upon a good cauſe, and before an impotent Judge

your railery may be believed, forſooth, becauſe its loud and importunate. I think it would be for the profit and peace of the King and Kingdome too, if you were all ſworn to ſpeak true things, and write true Latine too. Sure I am, it would be more for the credit of your profeſſion, for ſo there would be found neither Knave nor Fool amongſt you.

Art. I beſeech you, my Lord, let not your love to *Reaſon* tranſport you ſo as to forget *Law.*

Amo. No, Mr. *Article*, I love Law, and therefore would have it to be in all points reaſonable; otherwiſe, neither, I nor any good man, can tell how to love it any longer.

Doc. My Lord, I muſt needs commend your zeal for truth, but I do not find it within our Commiſſion to impoſe an Oath upon any but the *Eight Parts of Speech.* Beſides, I hope, it will not be needful here, where your Lordſhips wiſdomes, I preſume, will proceed onely according to Evidence.

Aud. I doubt, my Lords, its paſt the skill of any mortal man to ſwear Mr. *Article* all over. *Licet enim linguam juratam habeamus; mente tamen jurabit nihil.*

Doc. Truely, my Lord, it is not an *oath* but a *principle* that muſt make men true.

I remember a paſſage of a fanatick tenant of mine, who deſired to bind his ſon apprentice to a Shoo-maker; but withal would Covenant with his maſter to give him the liberty of frequenting the Aſſemblies, where men quake, adding a certain kind of grave ſentence, that he would not have the *ſpirit bound*: I doubt, Mr. *Article* and his brethren are much of the ſame mind; they love a latitude of ſpirit dearly: They make many *bonds* for others, but themſelves will not enter into any *Indentures*, to deal juſtly and truely.

Art. We do that voluntarily and out of Choice, my Lord, *etiam injuratis nobis Catonibus credendum eſt.*

Lego. Away, away, Sir, do not go about to impoſe that upon our faith, that you your ſelf do not believe.

Amo. Come, come, Mr. *Article*, lay away thoſe voluminous and clamorous declarations, whereby you proclaim to all the World, that you would undo all men if it lay in your power, and charge no man with any thing but what is true, or, at leaſt, you verily believe to be ſo.

Art. Your Lordſhip puts a very hard task upon me; for it requires a great deal of skill and pains to ſpeak truth.

Doc.

Doo. That's onely to licentious and profligate minds; for certainly truth is in its own nature infinitely more easie than falsehood.

Art. It may be so, my Lord; but we have got a scurvy trick of thinking every thing to be true, that we can invent and imagine to the interest of our Clients. However, my *Lords*, at your Commands, I will try if I can commit a Solocism for once: But because I am not very confident in my own skill, I will entreat your Lordships not to believe every word that I shall say, till it be well confirmed with evidence. And so, tho I should not alwayes hit of speaking truth, yet your Lordships will not miss of doing it.

Lego. Well, take you heed to your tongue, Mr. *Article*, and, I hope, we shall pass our Judgment according to Equity. If you please, my Lords, let the Nobility be called before us, their quality justly requiring a priority.

Amo. I beseech you, my Lords, let us endeavour to forget their *Political* quality, and deal impartially with them according to their *Moral*.

Audio. I hope, my Lords, we do all conspire unanimously in that righteous resolution. [*He speaks to an Officer.*

Go

Go, wish my Lord Leiutenant to send into the Court the Representative of the Nobility.

[*He bows and goes.*

Intrat Verbum: *He bows to the Commissioners. They Compliment him.*

Amo. Will your Lordship be pleased to take a seat with us?

Doc. *Raro conveniunt coeuntve in pectore eodem Majestas & amor.*

Amo. *Apage fastuosa illa Majestas, cui non bene conveuit cum amore.*

Verb. I accept your Love, my Lord *Amo*, and submit to your Authority, my Lord *Doceo*: And therefore I beseech your Lordship not to contend about a matter of so perfect indifferency to me; But be pleased to certifie me of your Lordships pleasure, which I am this day come to attend.

Lego. You may please to understand, my Lord, that we are here a plenipotentiary Committee, appointed by the Kings Majesty to determine all matters amongst his subjects.

Verb. My Lords, I am well pleased with a trial by my *Peers*; yet better pleased, that your Lordships are appointed to be those *Peers*. For my part, I have ever bewailed

the troubles that have been occaſioned to my Prince by ſome of his tumultuous ſubjects: I hope, I have at no time neither directly nor indirectly adminiſtered to them. I do not know any thing in my ſelf, which either Juſtice can attach or mercy can forgive.

Aud. What ſay you, Mr. *Article?* Does my Lord ſtand as right in the Kings Opinion as he does in his own.

Art. I have nothing peculiar and perſonal to charge upon his Lordſhip: But, if his Lordſhip repreſent the whole order of the Nobility, I have ſomething in his Majeſties name to impute unto him.

Verb. I do repreſent them, Sir, and hope may be able to vindicate them too.

Art. Why then, my Lord, I do here, before this Honorable Court complain in his Majeſties name of your *great number*, *manifold kinds*, and *unneceſſary grandieur*; as for your *number*, it is thought to extend to a third part at the leaſt of the Kingdome: And his Majeſty thinks it a monſtrous ſight to ſee the body Politick, like a *Ricketty body*, whoſe upper parts do ſo unreaſonably exceed the Lower, that the whole hath much a do, either to go or ſtand. As for the *kinds*, they are almoſt as many as the individuals of ſome other parts of ſpeech.

The

The orders of *Friers*, *Black*, and *Gray*, and *Mendicant*, and *Dominicant*, *Franciscant*, *Brigidian*, and the rest of that rout, is an *Integrum*, if it be compared with your *aggregatum* of *Personalls* and *Impersonalls*, *Actives*, *Passives*, *Neuters*, *Deponents* and *Commons*, and then your *Neuters* again are subdivided into *Substantives*, *Absolutes*, and such as are after a sort *Transitives*: Besides those inferior order of *Inchoatives*, *Frequentatives*, *Apparatives*, *Desideratives*, *Imitatives*, till you come even to *Diminitives*. And if the *Diminitive* Lord should happen to decay never so little I know not what you would do with him, except you make an *Almes man* or an *Adverb* of him; this multilpicity of kinds does much prejudice his Majesties service, and the publique good, you are so many Lords, forsooth, of one kind or other, and all stand upon your Priviledge, so that the King can scarce be furnisht in all his Realm with *Trades-men*, and *Husband-men*, and *Labourers*, and *Souldiers* enough to serve the necessities of his Kingdome, no nor his own necessities neither; except he take my Lord *Cacaturio* or some of his family to be Groom of his Close-stool. And then, for your Pomp and Retinue, it is such as cannot be endured in any subject. You must

forsooth, have your *Moods*, and *Tenses*, and *Numbers*, and *Persons*, and *Conjugations*, and I know not how many more followers; besides I know not how many of each of these sorts. And, do you think, my Lords, its fit that any of the Kings subjects should be like a King in his Princely Train?

Aud. You here my Lord how heavy a *tripartite* charge the Kings Attorney brings against you. Now, I pray, let us hear your Lordships defence.

Verb. My Lords, I had little dreamt to have been so strangly accused before this great Committee. I hope, there is never an one of your Lordships, but hath an answer prepared in his own breast, to all these cavills.

Lego. Nay, I pray, my Lord, make your one defence; it is not meet we should be both parties and Judges.

Verb. Since you are pleased my Lords to Command me to speak *reason* to an *unreasonable* Plantiffe, I do, in your Lordships presence, acknowledge the matter of fact in all these three Charges. I confess we are many individuals and many kinds, and that we keep as pompous a retinue as the Nobility of any Kingdome, save only in our *Tenses*, wherein we fall short of the *Grecian* Nobility.

But

But why his Majesty should impute any thing of this, as matter of blame to us, I protest, I see not; for all these serve his Royal Commands, and the true interest of his Kingdom continually: And if we had as many *Persons* belonging to us, as we have *Moods* and *Tenses*; they should all go Volunteers into his Majesties service: And, I hope, his Majesty has no reason to Complain of the number, or power, or puissance of his subjects, so long as all these are in conjunction with, and actuated by a Spirit of loyalty.

Art. But I pray, my Lord, how shall his Majesty be assured of the perseverance of this dutiful disposition of yours: and if it should once be changed, who will undertake to secure him from so dangerous a power and number.

Verb. And, I pray you, Sir, what reason hath his Majestie to suspect the defectibility of such a loyalty, against which envy it self hath nothing to object, since the foundations of the Grammatical Kingdom were first laid.

Art. Sure your Lordship pretends to a vast memory, or else it is an unreasonable confidence with which you make this great assertion. My Lord *Lego*, I be-

lieve, will tell you another story.

Lego. Yes, my Lord, I do very well remember a general defection of the Eight parts of speech from the great King *Syntaxis*, which is to this day known by the name of *Confusion* of *Languages*.

Ana. But Mr. *Article*, I presume his Majesty hath no greater cause of suspecting the Nobility than any other of the parts of speech. Besides they cannot stand without him, and if they once rebell against him they do inevitably ruin themselves, and put a period to the *Grammatical* Kingdome *Et quis adeo vitæ avidus est qui nolit mundo secum moriente mori?*

Art. Yes, my Lord, the King seemeth to have greater grounds of suspecting the *Verbs*, than any other part of speech, upon a twofold account. First, because many of them are actually disloyal: And many others do profess those principles, which do directly tend to Rebellion.

Lego. These are heavy Charges, Mr. *Article*.

Ana. *Sed quomodo probas?*

Art. My Lords *Hæc tam Clara sunt quam solis radii cum sudum est esse solent.* For the first it is well known to your Lordships, that many of them are already actually *defective*. And refuse to pay his Majesties Taxes,

Taxes, and others of them are *Impersonalls* and refuse to send out men into his Majesties service.

Verb. I hope, my Lord the King doth not thus interpret the *defectiveness* nor *impersonality* of those kind of Verbs. Its well enough known to this Honourable Court, that even the *defectives* do supply his Majesty with what they are able, and the *impersonals* do send out every one a man, which to my knowledge is all the retinue they keep; And, I pray, what would you have more *ultra posse non datur esse.*

Art. You are pleased to interpret their disloyalty to be nothing but their impotency. But if they be this impotent, as you pretend, whence is it, I pray you, that some of these defectives are so proud and Bragging. As for example, one Lord *Possum* that I have heard of, who pretends to a kind of omnipotence: And others are so rude and surley, as for example, one Lord *Nole* that will not so much as give any man a fair Answer.

Verb. Truely Mr. *Article*, you seem to have no great reason to accuse either of these Lords. Its true, my Lord *Possum* is a man of great personal valour and Chivalrie, but this sure is for the Kings Honour and

safety; for I dare say (he hears me not) *Quantum quantum potest adversus Regem nihil potest.* And for my Lord *Nolo*, I dare say, though possibly he may not be courtly, as some of the Nobility are, yet if he were tempted and solicited, with never so great and powerful motives, to rebell against his Prince, he would give a flat denial, and so would all the *Persons* he keeps about him.

Lego. Well, I pray, Mr. *Article*, proceed to the second ground of fear that his Majesty hath against some of the Verbs, what Principles are those that some them have that do so directly tend to rebellion.

Art. These are the Verbs *Neuters* (my Lord) that will own neither *Active* nor *Passive* Obedience to his Majesties laws, and how can these be thought fit to live in a Common-wealth?

Verb. I confess, Mr. *Article*, they are a substantial and *self subsisting* part of the Nobility, that are very loath to be made *Passive*. But, I pray, what need shall his Majesty ever have of making them *Passive*, who cannot be *active* against him? I hope impeccability may justly except impunity.

Anno. My Lord, you have given a very satisfactory answer to Mr. *Article*'s allegation against these Lords; And yet I can tell some

of them too, that have been *Passive* enough; what say you to *Ægroto* Mr. *Article*, doth he suffer nothing?

Art. Yes, my Lord, I confess he does. But I pray you, my Lord, what thank to him? his *Passiveness* arising rather from his constitution than any vertuous or obsequious temper.

Amo. Why, what if he make a vertue of necessity? is it not better than to have none at all?

Lego. I pray, Mr. *Article*, let us have no more of these personal Charges, and particular Allegations.

[*He addresses to the Lord* Audio. Your Lordship hath well weighed, I presume, the debate between Mr. *Article*, and this noble Lord in the behalf of the Verbs.

Aud. I have so my Lord.

Lego. And I beseech your Lordship, what doth your gravity determine in this weighty affair?

Aud. Truly, my Lords, I do not see it will be for the Kings safety, and therefore I wonder it should be for his pleasure, that any of his Nobility should be cut off, or their number abated, so long as one common Spirit of *Loyalty*, besides one common *interest* unites them all to him.

Doc.

Doc. Verily, my Lords, I cannot see how there can be a more firm and indissoluble ligament, then that which these two concur to make. The body Politick so knit together will be as afraid of *Rebellion* as of *self dissolution.*

Lego. But what say you, my Lords, concerning their great retinues and too Princely trayn? ought not they to be retrencht?

Aud. Truely, my Lord, it seems to be more superfluous then dangerous, and to have more of vanity in it than of disloyalty; If your Lordships please to refer this to my Lord *Amo*, I dare acquiesce in his sentence. He loves his Country and cannot wrong them, and loves the peace of his Princes Spirit, and therefore will deny himself, I know, to relieve his fears.

Lego and *Doc.* Content my Lord.

Amo. I know, my Lord, that Magnificent retinue is very dear to the *Nobility.* But I think nothing ought to be so dear to them as their Loyalty to their Prince, and since it is come to this, that to be great is to be disloyal, I think your Lordships may do well to take from the Nobility something of their retinue, which they less need, and he most fears.

Lego. What is that, I beseech your Lordship?

Amo.

Amo. I conceive, my Lords, that Kings are most infested with their subjects *Power* and *petitions*, from whence they fear insurrections, or at least mutinies and discontents, so that if your Lordships please to take from them their *Optative* and *Potential* Moods, I suppose you will perfectly set his Majesties heart at rest. And these, I hope, they may well part with; for the *Subjunctive* will supply the place of them both well enough, he cannot be made poor nor miserable, who has but a power left him to be a *subject*; let those two *Moods* therefore I pray be resolved into one.

Art. But what will this avail, I beseech you, my Lord, so long as they may be allowed a mood *Imparative*?

Amo. Certainly you are very superstitiously jealous, Mr. *Article*, what hurt can an *Imparative Mood* do without a *Potential*. Besides, if there were any hurt in this *Mood*, you need not fear it hereafter, for it hath no *Future tense*, nor none shall have.

Art. This, I hope, will give his Majesty good content.

Amo. Do your Lordships concur in this determination.

They all speak. Yes my Lord.

Lego. And therefore, my Lord, you may please

pleaſe to withdraw. that the Court may proceed to further buſineſs.

[*He bows and offers to depart*

Doc. Nay, my Lord, before you go, I pray you allow me the boldneſs of a wholſome word of advice to your Lordſhip to be communicated to the reſt of the *Nobility*. You *Verbs* are the Kings principal ſubjects, though you are not all *Principal Verbs*. His Majeſty eſteems you rather as his friends and *Couzins* than his ſubjects. I pray eſteem him rather as your Father than your Maſter. As you would be honoured by your inferiours, ſo honour him. There is a kind of *Treaſon* in pride; yea and a prodigal ſpending of your time, wits and Eſtates is all of it *diſloyalty* towards your Prince. Sacrifice not that to your own pleaſures, which you owe to him and your Country. Let every one of you reckon that he is a Father of his Country, and take the poor to be your Family: In a word, I commend to you all this ſhort motto *Nobilitas ſola eſt atque unica virtus.*

Verb. I do heartily accept, and ſhall affectionately recommend your Lordſhips grave advice. [*Exit.*

[Lego *ſpeaks to an Officer.*

Lego. Go, call hither the Repreſentative of

of the Nouns. [*He bows and goes.*

Intrat Sir John Onoma.

Lego. What, Sir *John*? do you come in the name of the Knights of this Kingdom to anſwer our Soverign Lord the King in what he ſhall charge them with by his Attorney?

Sir John. My Lord, I do not account my ſelf worthy of ſuch an honour as to be the mouth of ſo famous an Order; But ſince it was their unanimous pleaſure to appoint me for this ſervice; I have emboldned my ſelf to wait upon your honors in their behalf.

Art. Beware, Sir *John*, it does not prove more dangerous than honourable to you at long run.

Sir John. Why, Mr. *Article*? I hope, the Converſation of the *Nouns* is better known to you than that I ſhould need to fear any thing from your hands. You have been a ſervant of theirs ever ſince you were born; and I am confident you have nothing of diſloyalty to charge them with. If you had, I hope, you have more prudence and policy than to reveal it; for your ſelf have adminiſtred to it, be it what it will.

Dor.

Doc. Nay *Sir John*, do not obstruct the course of Justice by your insinuations: for Mr *Article* hath promised to forget all friendships, and relations too, but that wherein he stands to the King, as his Attorney general.

Sir *Joh.* No, my Lord, not I, let Mr *Article* say the worst he can. *His murus aheneus esto nil conscire.*

Art. Truely, my Lord, to speak truth, his Majesty is well perswaded of the Loyalty of his *Knights*, and I have heard him say he hath had good experience of their Faithfulness, and of that *Knight service* they have done him.

Amo. Bos in lingua, Mr *Article*, methinks your zeal for his Majesty seems to cool. I doubt your interest that lyes so much amongst the Nouns will sway with you more than your love to truth or to your Prince.

Art. *Plus oportet fateor scire servum quam loqui.* But yet, my Lord, I must in allegiance to my Prince complain to your Lordships concerning them also.

Lego. Well then, speak freely and impartially, Mr. *Article.* —— *non impediente offa*: But descend not to particular persons.

Art

Art. Truly, my Lord, the charge, that I have against them, is much of the same nature with that I have already produced against the *Verbs*, and the first here is their infinite *numbers*.

[*They all keep silence a while.*

Au. I perceive, Sir *John*, Mr. *Article* has no mind to aggravate your faults, nor comment so malignantly upon you as he has done upon the *Verbs*. What say you to this Charge?

Sir *Joh.* Indeed, my Lord, I take it to be a reproach rather than an Inditement.

Lego, And why so, Sir *John*?

Sir *Joh.* Your Lordships knows right well we have but two *Numbers*, whereas the *Nouns* both in the Eastern and Western World, have three, so that we have more cause to complain than to be complained of in this matter.

Lego. But of your two *Numbers* one is *Plural*, and what would you have more? this takes in as many as you please.

Sir *Joh.* Therefore, my Lord, we are well enough content, and did not intend to trouble your Lordships with any Complaints. But my Lords, be our *Number* as great as it will, I humbly conceive his Majesty hath no cause of Complaint. We are no more than it hath

pleas-

pleased his Majesty to dubb. And if his Majesty will needs make a *Noun* of every thing, that can be *seen*, *felt*, *heard*, or *understood*, how should the Kingdome choose but be full of *Knights?*

Aud. Surely, my Lords, Sir *John* speaks reason, and it is pity the *Nouns* should be punished, and that by the King too, for a fault, which he himself commits.

Amo. This would be the way, my Lord, to bring it to the old pass, which, I know, your Lordships all abhor. *Delicant Reges, plectuntur Achivi*: And therefore, Mr. *Article*, you may proceed in your allegations, if you have any thing more to say.

Art. His Majesty is much offended, my Lords, with the many Dissenters from the Government, that are found amongst the *Nouns*.

Sir *Joh.* I know not, Sir, of one ill affected person amongst them.

Art. No, Sir *John!* Why, Sir, there is a whole Sect of them, and they do profess their irregularity openly, calling themselves by the name of *Heteroclites*; Nay, they are so well known, that they have got a Ballad made of them, called by the name of *Quæ genus*, which they sing up and down, to create discontents and seditions amongst his Majesties Subjects.

Sir

Sir *Joh.* Alas for them poor Gentlemen, you miſtake them, Mr. *Article*, they are as *Syntactical* as any Subject the King has. It is their unhappineſs rather than their fault, that they are unlike to the reſt of the Kings Subjects. Its true, ſome of them are *Redundants*, and have a *Caſe* it may be, or a *Declenſion*, more than their Neighbours, but that's only a ſpecial reward, that has been beſtowed upon them for ſome eminent ſervice. But the greateſt part of them are *Defectives*, ſuch as have been impoveriſh'd and maim'd in his Majeſties Service. And if there were a Committee for *Charitable uſes* or *maimed Souldiers*, or *plundred Miniſters* on foot, I doubt not, but that they would be repair'd in their loſſes.

Art. Why, do you think, Sir *John*, that any Committee in the World would reſtore to *Supellex* his plural number?

Sir *Joh.* Truely, Sir, I think, he is pretty well to live in his *Singular Number*: But yet it is evident he was plundered of his *plural* one night, when his houſe was broken open, and I think, it is fit he ſhould have ſome reparation.

Le. Nay never ſpeak of reſtitution, Sir *John*, if you may but keep you as you are. There is one of you, Sir *Cræſus Divitiæ*, who can ſpare enough out of his *Plural Number* to re-

lieve you all. Well, but Mr. *Article*, I perceive you have no mind to pursue your charge against the Nouns. What have you else to object against Sir *John*.

Art. The last thing, that was given me in instruction, was that whereof I accused the *Verbs* before your Lordship, their unweildy greatness, and both unnecessary and dangerous retinue. They keep a house like a Princes Court, they go abroad attended with a Princely Equipage, they never stir out but they are attended with I know not what train of *Cases*, *Numbers*, *Genders*, *Declensions*, *Comparisons*, and more than I can remember.

Sir *Joh.* My Lords, I remember what the Historian so highly celebrates in *Alexander* the Great, that he had pickt a mighty number of such Persons for the conduct of his Army, as for vertue and venerableness all seemed to be Princes, and that at what time he died his mighty host seemed not to be commanded by *Captains*, but by *Kings*. I hope, my Lords, the King *Syntaxis* is not afraid of what that mighty Monarch was so ambitious, nor accounts that a scandal to himself, which he reckoned for so great an honour.

Aud. No, Sir *John*, the King will allow you to be as wise, and vertuous, and valiant as you can: But by unnecessary Pomp and Gran-

Grandure of living you consume the Riches of the Kingdom, which might be bestowed for a publick good; and therefore in so doing commit a certain kind of *interpretive treason* against the Kings Majesty, as my Lord *Doceo* did very scholastically suggest, but even now in the case of the *Nobility*. And therefore, this being a case of the like nature, I Judge it most meet, that it be referred to my Lord *Amo* also to determine.

Lego and *Doc.* With all our hearts my Lord.

Amo. Your Lordships are pleased in your abundant Charity to over-value my Judgment. But since your Lordships are resolved so to deny your selves, I had rather commit a solocisme in Manners, then not contribute to so desirable an union between his Majesty and his subjects. I do not conceive what exception can be made against the *Number* or *case* of the Nouns, nor against their *Declensions* neither, so they decline not his Majestics service; But, I confess, I think, they may well be abridged of some of their *Genders*. Whereas they Commonly keep seven, I think three may very well serve their turns. And as for *Comparison* I cannot possible indulge it to any of them, I mean not the Substantives, though some of them are so bold as to pretend to it of late, for

they are naturally proud and self conceited, and, I conceive, a liberty of *comparing* themselves with others will mischievously improve this temper.

Art. And do's it seem meet to your Lordships wisdome and candor to destroy the legal priviledges of the Knight in retrenching their *Genders*.

Amo. *Si jus violandum est, Regis & pacis causâ est violandum.*

Doc. I understand, my Lord, that Mr *Article* has a respect to that dear thing *himself*; and that it is not for the sake of the *Nouns*, but his own, that he would have the whole generation of their *Genders* maintained.

Lego. I plainly perceive so, my Lords, but I know, your Lordships do perfectly abhor all partiality, and therefore will not suffer that Interest should prevail against Equity.

Doc. I hope, my Lord, we are all so principled, and therefore, Sir, *John*, I advise you to acquiesce in the sentence of the Court. Go and perswade your Brethren to keep themselves within the bounds of Modesty and Frugality, to desire no more than what they are resolved to subordinate to the publick good; to agree well one with another, and whereas the King has given you a kind of *self subsisting* power, let it not be an occasion

casion of pride and oppression, but rather of Charity and Compassion.

Sir *John.* My Lords, I humbly acknowledge the goodness and Gravity of your *doctrine*, I hope all the Knights will be willing to rest in this sentence, and live by your rule. [*Exit.*

Lego *Speaks to an Officer.*

Lego. Go, call the Representatives of the *Pronouns.* [*He bows and goes.*

And now Mr *Article*, *tua res agitur.* I do therefore solemnly conjure you to deal Faithfully and impartially in representing his Majesties sense concerning your brethren.

Doc. I hope you need not fear him, my Lord, in the case of the *Pronouns*, for tho he be a kin to them, yet he does not live by them, and, I observe, that in men of his profession, *Interest* is much more powerfull than *affinity.*

Introit Mr Antonome

Art. This Gentleman is one Mr *Antonome*, my Lords.

Lego. Do you represent the Gentry of this Kingdome?

Anto. I am Commanded to represent their grievances to your Lordships, under-

ſtanding that you are fully commiſſioned by his Majeſty to hear and relieve them.

Lego. I doubt, Mr. *Article*, you have preinſtructed this *Gentleman* in your method of crying Whore firſt. But, I pray you, Sir, let the King be firſt heard, and let us hear how you will defend your ſelf from the Charge that his *Attorney* has againſt you.

Ant. A Charge againſt us, my Lord? he cannot be ſo *unjuſt* ſure, tho he would be ſo *unnatural*.

Art. I am Commanded for the preſent to forget my nature Mr *Antonome* (tho, I doubt, I ſhall hardly change it) and as for injuſtice you may be confident in theſe Righteous Judges, that they will ſee that none ſhall be done you.

Ant. If they proceed according to your declaration, Mr. *Article*, I doubt they will do little Juſtice.

Amo. I pray you, Sir, take heed, evil ſurmiſes are a degree of Hatred. You know not yet what Mr. *Article* has in his Majeſties name to accuſe you of. Therefore to prevent further Quarrel that might ariſe between you, let us hear, Mr. *Article*, what you have to ſay againſt the Pronouns.

Art. I am in the firſt place commanded to inform your Lordſhips they are an un-

unmannerly and ill-bred Generation, and not worthy of the name of *Gentlemen.* Amongſt them all there are but four that will vouchſafe to ſpeak to a man, if they meet him: And of thoſe four one is a Quaker; you ſhall never hear any thing from him, but *thou* and *thee*, *Tu dominus*, *tu vir*, *tu mihi frater*, and ſuch like ſalutations continually.

Ant. And will your Lordſhips beleive that the Kings Wiſdome would deal thus unmercifully with us, to cut out our tongues and then blame us for not ſpeaking: It is now a great while ſince he took from us our *Caſus ſalutatorius*, and will he now accuſe us for want of Complements. Your Lordſhips will eaſily diſcern this is more malice than matter.

Amo. Yes, Sir, it is matter, but rather of Compaſſion than accuſation: but proceed, Mr. *Article.*

Art. They have much offended the King in multiplying *Marriages*, and that ſo unſuitable too. I do not remember above four or five of them that have married within their own rank, but ſome of them compound themſelves with *Adverbs*, ſome with *Conjunctions*, ſome with *Prepoſitions*: Nay ſo lecherous are they, that rather then want a

mate they will compound themselves with a sort of things that are none of the *Eight parts of Speech* (they call them *Syllabical Adjections*). Which is very much to the dishonour of the King, and the debasing of the Kingdom.

Doc. Indeed, Sir, if you took care to match your selves to some of the superior Ranks of the Kings subjects, it would help to mend the breed, and prevent much confusion.

Ant. True my Lord, *Omnes cum valemus facile Ægrotis consilium damus.* A rich man may dine when he will; but a poor man must dine when he can, was the Philosophers solution of that great Query, when was the fittest time to dine. Your Lordships may match where you please, we must be pleased wherever we can match. What a strait are the poor *Pronouns* reduced to? we were left but fifteen in number: For his Majesties service, we have endeavoured to multiply, and now this multiplying must be interpreted to be his dishonour.

Amo. Truely my Lords, in as much as the Kings Majesty complains of the over-great pompousness and Grandieur of his Lords and Knights, I hope the *Pronouns* may

may pleaſure him in raiſing up an off-ſpring fit for work and ſervice. And therefore, I pray, ſuffer them to marry where they will, ſo it be within his Majeſties Dominions.

Aud. I think your Lordſhip has very ſeaſonably ſuggeſted that conſideration. Therefore, I pray, proceed, Mr. *Article*, if you have any thing further to ſay.

Art. Yes, my Lord, I have, and that which is worſe then all the reſt.

Ant. Aliud ex alio malum?

Art. His Majeſty doth flatly charge all differences and diſſentions upon two of theſe Gentlemen.

Ant. Who are thoſe, I pray, Sir.

Art. I think they call them *Meum* and *Tuum*, theſe two divide the World.

Anton. It is very true, Sir, yet are not the Authors of diviſion neither; or if you will, they *divide* the World and yet create no *diſſentions* in it. Nay verily, if they two were but carefully Obſerved, there would be no diviſion in it. Were it not for theſe I ſhould be as good a King as *Syntaxis*, and he would ſoon come to be as poor a *Gentleman* as I am. It is they that give him that Authority, whereby he calls them to an account this day: But I ſmell your deſign Mr. *Article*, you would fain have theſe two

Gentle-

men hang'd out of the way, and then no man ſhall enjoy any thing, but at your pleaſure: You love to fiſh in troubled waters, to put mens Titles and Proprieties into a confuſion to find your ſelf work, and that work will find you wages, for if the Lawyer can but once make the Eſtate ſeem to be neither *mine* nor *thine*, he will ſcon bring in a third Proprietor and make it to be *his own*: And when it is once come to that, then cut *Meum* down again, and let *Tuum* hang.

Amo. Certainly, Mr. *Article*, this Gentleman ſpeaks feelingly, as if he had had ſome intimate acquaintance with you, *Qui alterum accuſat ſeditionis ipſum ſe intueri oportet.*

Art. But can your Lordſhip without deteſtation, conſider the monſtrous intemperance of ſome of theſe *Pronouns*, who are ſo greedy of Poſterity, that they even match with themſelves. Did your Lordſhips ever hear of ſuch an inceſt as this before?

Doc. Who has done ſo, Mr. *Article*?

Art. One *Quis*, my Lord.

Doc. *Quis*, who is that?

Art. Why *Quis*, my Lord.

Doc. Why, Mr. *Article*, do you mock me? I ask you, and you ask me again.

Art. No, my Lord, his name is *Quis*.

Doc. His name is *Quis*? you'l ſpeak Treaſon

son anon against *Syntaxis*, you mean, *Quid est nomen*, sure.

Ant. My Lord, I think, he knows no more what he sayes, than who he means. I suppose he aims at the Kings *Interrogator* general, who when he had asked thousands and none would have him, was fain to match with himself, And by that Conjunction has got a fine boy called *Quisquis*, who is in Election to be the Kings *Cryer*.

Aud. I have often heard of this *Gentleman*, and to my knowledg he has askt very many. But I could never hear the reason that no body would have him, I pray, Mr *Antonomy*, can you tell us?

Ant. Yes my Lord, I think, I have heard the reason.

Lego. I pray tell us, Sir, what it was.

Ant. I hope your Lordships will please to excuse me it was no great business.

Doc. Why are you so loath to tell us then?

Ant. I am afraid of offending your Lordships *Gravity*.

Amo. Away, away, —— *dulce est desipere in loco.* I pray you tell us.

Ant. To tell you plainly, my Lords, they did not like him, because he was not kiss.

[*Their Lordships laugh.*

Amo

Amo. But was that the reaſon indeed?

Ant. He has ſome liſping in his ſpeech and ſome ſquinting with his Eyes, but that was the principal reaſon.

Amo. Well though he hath done ſo, it is but the Common vice of the times: for, ought I perceive, every man almoſt is *wedded* to himſelf.

Art. There is another of them, my Lord, has done the like, one Mr *Seſe.*

Doc. I know the Gentleman very well: Thats no other then what my Lord *Amo* was obſerving even now *Proximus ipſe mihi.* Well, Mr. *Antonome*, if this be all the Kings *Attorney* hath to lay to your charge, I think you may have their Lordſhips leave to depart the Court; only I pray adviſe Mr. *Ego* from me, that he be not *ſelfiſh*, Mr. *Meum* that he be not *Covetous*, and Mr. *Noſtras* that he be not *factious*, and in general I adviſe all you *Pronouns*, that you *rehearſe* no more than you muſt needs, and never any more than what was in the Antecedent, for that's your greateſt fault, you ſeem to be too much given to *rehearſing.*

Ant. I humbly thank your Lordſhip for your good adviſe, and ſhall faithfuly impart it to my Bretheren, [*Exit.*

Lego. Who is the next to be called, Mr. *Article?* *Art.*

Art. The Repreſentative of the *Yeomantry*, my Lord, I think.

[*Lego ſpeaks to an Officer.*

Lego. Go, wiſh my Lord Lieutenant to ſend into the Court the Repreſentatives of the *Participles*.

Introit John Metock.

Lego. Do you appear in the behalf of the *Participles*, Friend.

John. I am a Subſidy Man, my Lord, and ſo was my Father and Grandfather before me, and the *Participles* have thought good to appoint me to appear before your Lordſhips to know your Lordſhips pleaſure concerning them.

Lego. What have you to ſay againſt the Participles, Mr. *Article*?

Art. Truely, my Lords, I do not find, that the Kings Majeſty has conceived any great offence againſt the *Participles*. He reckons them to be a very ſubſtantial part of his Kingdome, out of whom the beſt part of his Revenues and Taxes do ariſe, and through whoſe hands paſſes the ordinary adminiſtration of Juſtice, when they are impannelled into Juries. But yet, my Lords, they are not wholly without exceptions neither.

Doc.

Doc. It were a wonder, Mr. *Article*, if any mans Coat were made of so strong cloath, that you could not pick a hole in it. The *Participles* were as like as any, for, I perceive, theirs is of their own *spinning*.

Art. I need not be put to an *Inveniam aut faciam*, my Lord, for a hole in most mens Coats: possibly your Lordships would not be found quite without, if it fell into some mens hands to search it: The venerableness of the colour, I doubt, would hardly privilege it from rending, at least not from unripping.

Doc. Nay, I believe, Mr. *Article*, there are not wanting in the World those rude hands, that would pluck my Gown over my ears, if they had as much power as will: And it may be you your self would not think I were secured by the venerableness of my colour, or function either; for I have read in ancient Chronicles, if I mistake not, that Mr. *Article* has upon occasion blasphemed this venerable Cloath, but, I hope, I am sufficiently secured by the Life and Reign of the great *Syntaxis*, neither do I fear falling, while he stands.

Art. Your Lordship thinks, I perceive, there can be no good *Syntax* in the world without you.

Doc.

Doc. I think, Mr. *Article*, if I was throughly entertained in all the Kings Dominions, there would be no need of you.

Amo. Nay, I beſeech you, my Lord, wave theſe over *ſarcaſtical* reflections, it will be your Lordſhips honour to forget what Mr. *Article* has done againſt you in times paſt. *Revenge* is an impotent paſſion, and an ugly gueſt to be entertained into ſo generous a breaſt: And let me ſpeak freely to your Lordſhip, *remembrance* in my account is a degree of *Revenge.*

Doc. Pardon me, I beſeech you, my Lord, this little raſhneſs, which is the more unſeemly, becauſe it is in the preſence of ſo honorable perſons, until I can find my ſelf perfected in your Lordſhips moſt amicable and aimable temper, which I will earneſtly endeavour. Well, ſpeak Mr *Article*, what have you to ſay againſt the Participles.

Art. My Lord, his Majeſty is ready to blame their fickleneſs and unſtableneſs of mind in matters of Opinion: One while they take part with the *Verbs*, and another while with the *Nouns*, and another while they ſeem to hold a correſpondence and collegue with them both.

Joh. I hope your Lordſhips will not impute this as a fault to the *Participles*, which this Gentleman objects againſt them. We

are

are cast into a world, wherein a man cannot make sure of any one Friend. Therefore we think it is a prudent, and not a dishonest course to keep in with as many as we can, so long as they are faithful to the Kings Majesty, and not tainted with any disloyalty.

Amo. This honest Man speaks good sence, Mr. *Article*, it is good to have many Friends, least we should have never a one.

Art. Yes, my Lord, but there is one sort of them, that seems uncapable of being taken into the relation of Friends.

Joh. I pray, who are those, Sir?

Art. I think they call them the *Participles of the Future in* rus, who alwayes promise and speak fair, but never performe any thing.

Joh. Sir, they go as far as their capacity will reach, a promise *de futuro* is the properest promise of all: I suppose you would not have all promises performed if you might. I heard Sir *John Mine* promise you to sit upon your skirts the other day for your Railery against him at the bar, I suppose you would not have that promise made good, would you?

Art. That promise was a threat, such an one as he in the Poet made, when he said *Promitto ultorem.* But you Participles make no reckoning of any promise you make.

John.

John. I hope, Sir, you cannot accuse me for one of those.

Art. No Sir, I do not; But there is a Glavering fellow, they call him *Ductarus* (I think) *qui nunquam dixit.*

Doc. Believe it, Mr. *Article*, I think he is the wiser man, as the times goe.

Aud. But, my Lord, it is good to be wise and honest too; I might say honesty is the only wisdom.

Doc. Amare & sapere (my Lord) *vix dijs conceditur.*

Art. I do not wonder to hear your Lordship speak in favour of *Agamy.* Your Lordships too wise to marry; besides, possibly you think it may defile you.

Amo. Come, come, Mr *Article*, interpret my Lords practise (as you ought) to the best advantage.

Art. So I do, my Lord, I humbly conceive his Lordship is loath to wrong the poor, and Chooses rather to have a family dispersed here and there up and down the Country, than to confine his generosity to one fire.

Lego. Well, Mr *Article*, I see your zeal to his Majesties service begins to decay, which makes you divertise your self with such heterogenous discourse. Have you any

thing more to say against the Participles.

Art. My Lords, there are four ranks of them in all, whereof one is past, and your Lordship knows *de mortuis nil nisi bene*; two are yet to come, and your Lordship knows *de futuris nihil certum*, here is only one present, I cannot *Back-bite* him if I would.

Doc. No thanks then, I perceive, to your love or honesty Mr. *Article*, but only to your policy. Well *Friend*, I suppose, you have their Lordships leave to depart for the present, but not too far, that you may be within call. *Exit.*

Lego. Call hither the Representative of the Husbandmen.

Trochus. I go, my Lord. [*He bows and goes.*

Introit Philip Epirrheme.

Epir. I understond, that your Gentlemenships has sent for me, I pray you tell me what for?

Lego. Friend, The Kings Majesty doth require you to appear before us, to answer his Attorney in certain matters of complaint, that he has against you Husbandmen.

Epir. Truly Sur, we don not use to answer Attorneys, but they usen to *answer* for us, and for matter of complaint, I think, we hen more cause

cause of complaint against the Kings Majesty than he has against us.

Lego. I doubt, my Lords, we shall find this to be a surly fellow! and therefore, if it please your Lordships, we will leave Mr. *Article* and him to deal it, for he understands the phrase of these country Bumpkins better than any of we, and knows better how to deal with them.

Arti. Your Lordships counsel is very wise, therefore, Mr. *Article*, I pray let us know what it is that you have to object against the *Adverbs*.

Epir. Now I understond, yo are all on yo *Lords*; I wish yo may prove better than sum that I know. But for answering jections, I was nere bred to it, therefore, I pray, your Lordships, not to use me so harshly as to put me to answer jections.

Art. Nay Goodman *Epirrheme*, their Lordships do not expect any Scholastical discourse from you. Only you must answer to some things that are charged upon you by the Kings Majesty.

Epir. In troth, Sir, the Kings Majesty has laid so great charges on us aw ready that we know not how to answer to onny more.

Art. Nay, Goodman *Epirrheme*, it will cost you no money, if you can come off

well with the Kings Commiſſioners.

Epir. Munny Sur? noo more't had need, weſell barly now at won and twenty pence a ſtrike, and how don you think we ſhud ha munny. But, I pray you, Sur, has the King ſent theſe *Gentlemen*, their Lordſhips, to be Commiſſioners for Corn and Cattle?

Art. No, no, Friend, but to put an end to differences between the Kings Majeſty and his Subjects, their Lordſhips are come hither this day.

[*He congees to them.*

Epir. My Lords, you are welcome, as I may ſay. But I don not underſtond how the King and we ſhould differ, except his Collectors play the *Knave* with him. I was Collector of the laſt three moneths Tax for our Townſhip, and to my knowledge it was honeſtly paid. I wiſh——

Lego. My Friend, you miſtake the Kings Attorney, he does not intend any difference bout Taxes, but about your behaviours towards the King, and your Loyalty. But I perceive, you Country-men think there is no quarrel but Taxes.

Epir. Marry, my Lord, I nere ſaw the King ſin I was born, and I wot not how I con be guilty of onny misbehaviours towards him then. But if this *Gentleman* haff onny thing

to

to ſa agan the Husbandmen, I wull onſwer him as well as I con.

Art. Well then, Goodman *Epirrheme*, I do here accuſe you in the Kings Name, of too great a variety. You all profeſs skill in tilling the Earth; but you go ſo many wayes to work that it breeds confuſion in his Majeſties Dominions, ſome of you obſerve place, ſome time, ſome quantity, ſome quality, ſome order, and I cannot tell what: The King does not like this variety.

Epir. Like or not like Sur, there mun be diverſity in tilling of Lond. I think I have been a *Plowman* as long as the King, and I cannot ſee but ſum Rules mun be obſerv'd, or we ſhall neer ha Corn.

Art. Corn or no Corn, the King will have all his ſubjects to be of one mind.

Epir. But I think, Sur, the King had better ha many minds than no Corn to maintain Mens Bodies. But, I pray you, Sur, don yo think that the Kings Majeſty does mentene onny damage by this diverſity? what wud become o the Kings Subjects think yo, if every body ſhud plow and ſow the ſame Lond, at the ſame time, with the ſame kind of ſeed, and in the ſame *Order*. Alaſs we in our Town are fain to give our Lond ſeveral *Orders*, or it wud neer bring us onny Corn.

Corn. How many orders then think yo are needful in the Kings Dominions.

Lega. This Man will be too hard for you, Mr. *Article*, if you dispute with him in matters of Husbandry: I do advise you to implead him upon matters of disloyalty, or disaffection, or breach of Peace, or the like, if you have any such thing to object against him.

Art. My Lords, I do not remember any things against him that amounts to direct treason; But, according to my Lord *Amo*'s doctrine, which he delivered even now, I think there is an indirect treason in *swearing*, and in *discontents*, which do produce a continual wishing of changes.

Amo. Certainly he that loves his Prince and his Princes peace and happiness, dares not *swear*. And as for *discontents*, they are justly interpreted to be a *mental treason*. And I must tell thee, Friend, as to the thing, it is all one, whether a man speak treason or *think* it.

Epir. My Lord, I doubt yow hen a mind to cavil: I neer heard o *thinking* of treason before, all the world knows that thoughts are free. And as for *swearing*, tho sum Foke may forget themsen now and then, yet I do verily think they mean no hurt to the King.

If

If I had chaunce to ſwear at *Brock* or *Bonny* when they vexen me, wull yo preſently count that treaſon. It wud be an ill time for us poor Carters, if we ſhud be forc'd to ſpeak all our words like ſchollards.

Tow hen your Seneck, and your Proverbs,
Which we value not as a Pannager full of yerbs.

And yet (and't like your Honours) I don not pleat for *ſwearing* or *diſcontents*. They are things that I was nere gi'n to, nor, I hope, nere ſhall be: I pray you blame them that are.

Amo. 'Tis pity, my Lords, to puniſh the innocent for the guilty: And yet theſe are groſs crimes that are objected againſt the *Adverbs*; will it pleaſe your Lordſhips to examine ſome of the known Offenders.

Aud. No, my Lord, I cannot indure to hear *ſwearing* or *diſcontents*.

Doc. I hope, my Lord, no man will be ſo profligate as to utter any ſuch thing in your Lordſhips preſence. If they ſhould, I hope, it would not prophane your Lordſhips ears.

Lego. *Fœdum eſt etiam turpia ignorare.* And therefore I beſeech your Lordſhip, that I may examine ſome of them.

And. Your Lordſhips may do what you pleaſe; But for my part, I'm reſolved not to hear them.

Lego. I hope your Lordſhip will not hear them *ſwear*; who is it, Mr. *Article*, that you accuſe of ſwearing.

Art. One, *Caſter Pol*, my Lord, a fellow that's wholly made up of Oaths.

[Lego *ſpeaks to an officer,*

Lego, go, call *Caſter Poll* hither.

Epir. Hen yo'r Lordſhip onny thing elſe to famine me in, I pray ye.

And. Thou ſeem'ſt to be a harmleſs fellow, I think thou maiſt go thy wayes.

[*He ſcrapes and goes.*

The Officer returns and ſpeaks.

Offic. My Lords, he's yonder, but he ſwears ſticks and ſtones that he will not come at you.

Lego. Why what's, he afraid of?

Offic. I know not, my Lord, except he be affraid leſt your Lordſhips ſhould bind his *Tongue* to its good behaviour.

Lego. I wiſh we can, I pray, Mr. *Article* wiſh my Lord Lieutenant to ſend in this fellow by the head and ſhoulders, if he'l come no other way.

Art. Your Servant my Lord. [*Exit.*

Mr.

Mr Article *returns and* Caſter Pol *following him brought by three or four Souldiers.* Audio *ſtops his ears.*

Lego. What muſt you be hald before the Kings Commiſſioners, Sirrah.

Pol. *Ita me Dij Diæque omnes bene ament ut vos omnes Nebulones crumeni-mulgas odio habeam.*

Doc. What Sirrah, can you not forbear *Swearing* before the Kings Commiſſioners.

Pol. And has the King given you, Sir, a power over my *Tongue*, which he himſelf never had?

Art. Yes fellow, you muſt know the King has a power over your *Tongue*, and ſo have his Commiſſioners.

Pol. I would they had a power over your's too Mr *Lawyer*, to tye you from lying as well as me from *Swearing*, and ſee who would be a Beggar firſt.

Doc. Come, come, Sirrah, his lying will not excuſe your *Swearing*, if you could prove him a lyer. But he that will Swear without a Cauſe, will alſo lye if he think he have any cauſe: and therefore you are not to be believed. You are here accuſed *Læſæ Majeſtatis*: what can you anſwer for your ſelf.

Anſ.

Amo. Nay, My Lord, I humbly conceive it is not high Treason, as the world now stands: But it is a great Enormity with the Kings Majesty will by no means have go unpunished.

Pol. What King, I pray, Sir?

Amo. The great King *Syntaxis.*

Pol. Syntaxis? why there is no good *Syntax* of speech without an *Oath.* It's convenient to be prepos'd to a sentence, its handsome to be interjected; its necessary for the joyning of Words and sentences together *Me hercle qui nescit jurare nescit Rhetoricari.*

Doc. Away with him, Souldiers, away with him, and desire your Lord to Commit him to the Stocks, and that not only his feet but his *Tongue* too; and levy a noble upon his goods for these two oaths, towards the releife of the poor of the Parish.

[*they hurry him away.*

Art. My Lords I was complaining of some discontented Spirits amongst these *Adverbs*; will your Lordships please to take notice of them?

Amo. My Lords, above all things in the world, I am offended with *discontents:* I beseech your Lordships that we may examine some of the Grandees of them. Mr *Article,*

ticle, who is the Leading person in that faction?

Art. I think his name is *Ithimy Vtinam*, my Lord. [*Amo. Speaks to an officer.*

Amo. Do you hear *Trochus* call that fellow hither.

Troch. My Lords, I doubt, I cannot hit of that hard name, do you call him *Ithel Vtinam*, Mr *Article*.

Art. No, no, *Ithimy Vtinam*. Remember *Vtinam* and it will do well enough. [*Exit. Redit.*

Amo. What does he come?

Troch. Yes, my Lord, he's here: He is as ready to come as you can be to call him. He was *wishing* very fervently that he might have the liberty to appear before your Honours.

Introit Vtinam.

Lego. Come fellow, you are here accused by the Kings *Attorny* of discontent, and an unquiet mind, you are required to assign a reason of those discontents.

Vtin. *Vtinam fiat illud domine!*

Art. Why can you give no reason of your *discontents*?

Vtin. No indeed, Sir, and that makes me the more discontent.

Art.

Art. But what? certainly ſomthing ailes you that you cannot be quiet in mind.

Vtin. Something, Sir, every thing that I ſee, or hear, or enjoy, or do, adminiſters matter of *diſcontent.* I never yet ſaw any thing ſo well done but I could wiſh it had been done better: The caſe is with me partly as it is with you *Turneys*, you never had ſo much but you could wiſh you had more.

Doc. But what, Fellow, doſt thou not ſee the Kings Majeſty in Health and proſperity, the Kingdome in peace, and the Church in Order. Doſt thou not ſee our friends are many, and our Enemies are ſubdued. What wouldſt thou deſire more?

Vtin. Sir I do ſee the Kings Majeſty in health and proſperity, and ſtill I *wiſh* he may long continue ſo: I ſee the Kingdome in Peace, but ſtill I *wiſh* all the Kingdoms in the World were ſo too: I ſee the Church in order, but ſtill I *wiſh* all Church-men would walk orderly: I ſee our friends are many, but ſtill I *wiſh* they were firmer. I ſee our Enemies are ſubdued, but I could rather *wiſh* they were made our Friends. *Nihil hic niſi vota ſuperſunt.* There is nothing that fully ſatisfies me, I confeſs, in this World; nothing ſo good, fair, lovely, beautiful, perfect, but awakens my *diſcontents*, becauſe all

all things are not like unto theſe, and becauſe theſe are no better.

Amo. My Lords, this man ſeems to be a great Lover of Mankind. But, Friend, you are accuſed of *diſcontents* about the Government, and you occaſion an unquiet mind in the Kings Subjects. Beſides I cannot but pity you to, for whilſt you wiſh for better and more, you loſe the pleaſure of what you have.

Utin. I am not offended, Sir, with any thing that is good, nor ſimply *diſcontent* with it, becauſe it is good, but becauſe it is no better. You pity me, I thank you, I *wiſh* I could pity my ſelf too. I am not diſcontent about the Government: But yet, Sir, *Velle ſuum cuique eſt*; I *wiſh* the King had no need of Taxes; and I *wiſh* that his Subjects would chearfully pay him whilſt he has, I *wiſh* our peace and plenty may continue, and I *wiſh* it may do us no hurt by continuing: I *wiſh* the Kings Subjects were ſo loving, that they would not wrong one another, I *wiſh* too his Judges and Juſtices may be ſo righteous as to right them if they be wronged: I *wiſh* the Church may flouriſh, but I *wiſh* it may rather be in vertue than in pomp. *O ſi quis nobis Deus aurea ſecla referrit!*

Doc. But, Friend, why do you torment your

your own mind, and inject ſcruples into the minds of others, by your unprofitable *wiſhing*. Loſe not the Pleaſure of what you have for the deſire of what you have not. *Quod ſis eſſe velis nihilque malis.*

Utin. *O ſi liceret mihi præſentibus frui & deſpicere futura! O utinam liceret mederi quæ conſpicio malis, ſaltem deflere quibus mederi nequeo!* Theſe are great things, Sir, and *in magnis voluiſſe ſat eſt.*

Doc. But to be alwayes *wiſhing* (Friend) is too much; ſure I am it is very tormenting. Therefore, my Lords, if you pleaſe, let us injoyn this Man a ſilence from words and ſighs too; for, I perceive, he is ever and anon at his *O ſis*? I think we ſhall do him a pleaſure.

Utin. Nay, I beſeech you, Sirs, do not deprive me of my liberty of wiſhing well. *Eſt quædam optare voluptas.*

And. I perceive, my Lord, he is a melancholy fellow, that would fancy to himſelf an *Eutopian* World, and becauſe he cannot have it, takes no pleaſure in the World he is in. I pray, my Lords, diſmiſs him, leaſt he make us all melancholy, and let us proceed to further buſineſs.

Doc. My Lords are pleaſed to diſmiſs you with this charge, that however *wiſhing* you are

are in your mind, you do not. *Spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas.*

Vtin. I *wish*, my Lords, I had understood your quality before now, that I might have given your Lordships that honour which is due to so noble Persons.

Amo. I pray thee, Fellow, do not trouble thy self about that Ceremony, but rather study how to relieve the troubles of thy own mind.

Vtin. Outinam possem mentis relevare dolores! I hope without any imputation of discontent I may wish your Lordships a good success in your Excellent Imployment.

Amo. I, and thank you too good fellow.

[*He bows, Exit.*

Art. My Lords, there are another sort or two of these Adverbs which do offend against the Peace and order of the *Church*, if your Lordships please to take any Cognisance of them.

Doc. I suppose, M. *Article*, you are not very solicitous about the matters that Concern the Church, and I am bound in duty and honour to take notice of these dissentions. I suppose you mean the *Congregational* men, and the *Anabaptists*, though you are loath to speak out.

Art. Your Lordship has nick names, I know,

know, for all sort of *dissenters*. I know them by no other name than what I have in my instructions from his Majesty.

[*He looks upon a paper.*

His Majesty does not call them as you do; He calls them *Adverbia congregandi* and *seperandi*.

Doc. Come, come, Mr. *Article*, for all your mincing the matter, that comes all to on. Lets have them call'd.

Amo. They are somewhat a brisk sort of people, my Lord, and I am affraid lest they should speak somewhat less honorably of your Lordship than they ought, which I should be sorry to hear. Besides, my Lord, they differ in some lesser *Circumstantial* things from your Lordship; I humbly conceive your Lordship will do more wisely and more Charitably to *Comprehend* them than contend with them; to dispute with them is but to perswade them they are worthy to be disputed with; and when they are once so perswaded they will take without end.

And. I beseech you my Lord hearken to my Lord *Amo*'s reason and Rethorick, to all which I will be bold to add this, my Lord, that our Commission doth not fairly extend to any forceable way of determining matters of meer opinion: And as for any other

other ways of dealing with theſe men, my Lord *Amo* hath already told you, how ineffectual it is likely to be.

Doc. Well, my Lords, I will rather truſt your Lordſhips judgments than my own, eſpecially ſince I am ſomewhat concerned. Therefore, I pray you, Mr. *Article*, let us know who is the next in order to be called.

Art. It is the Repreſentative of the Tradeſmen my Lord, I know not who it is.

Lego. Go call him *Trochus*. [*He goes.*

[Trochus *returns and ſpeaks.*

Troch. I found him buſie at Work, my Lords, about ſomething that my Lord Lieutenant had commanded him. But he waits upon your Lordſhips immediately.

Introit Demurgus Syndon.

Art. Theſe are the men, my Lords, whom the Kings Majeſty, the great *Syntaxis*, doth value above any ſort of his ſubjects, for they are ever contributing to the *Political Harmony*, joyning words and ſentences together.

Syn. I hope, my Lords, the Kings Majeſty hath nothing of diſloyalty to lay to any of our Charges. But there are many of us who may reaſonably complain to your Ho-

nors of ſeveral grievances which we ſuſtain.

Art. Nay friend be not ſo very Confident neither; for you *Tradeſmen* have amongſt you thoſe irregularities which I humbly conceive this Honourable Court will Judge worthy of Cenſure.

Synd. I pray, Sir, ſpare them not, for I am very confident of their Loyalty in general, though I ſhould be loath to be reſponſible for every individual or ſpecies either.

Art. There are two things eſpecially which his Majeſty doth complain of in reference to you *Conjunctions.* The firſt is, that you do indiſcreetly confound your ſelves with the *Adverbs*, as I could inſtance in one *cum quando*, *proinde*, and ſeveral others, that one knows not whether to call *Adverbs* or *Conjunctions.* And it is much againſt the Government of the King *Syntaxis*, that the ſame man ſhould be both Tradeſ-man and Husbandman.

Synd. Do you object to us Sir, that for a fault wherein we expreſs our greateſt Loyalty. We do it, that we may the better ſerve his Majeſty in a double Capacity. Will you believe it, Sir, all this is for the Kings ſake. By this means we pay his Majeſty Taxes both of Land and goods. Do you think any of us would put our ſelves to ſo

un-

unreaſonable a toyle, were it not to make up the Kings revenue?

Art. I pray let me think what I liſt. You beſt know the motives that give life to your labours. I do vehemently ſuſpect that you are more *Covetous* than loyal. But I pray you, Friend, what do you think of that monſtruoſity that is committed amongſt you, that ſome of you *Conjunctions* ſhould become *Disjunctives*.

Synd. Piſh, that's only a way of phraſing ſomewhat improper, but apt to ſignifie the the thing intended It is juſt as if one ſhould ſay of you Lawyers, that you *ſet men together by the ears*. *Setting together* ſeems at the firſt hearing to import a friendſhip and *conjunction*: But this ſetting together *is by the ears*, and ſo that *Conjuncture* is plainly *diſjunctive*.

Doc. Laughs heartily. I hope, Mr. *Article* you have met with your match now. But Friend, you were intimating even now that ſeveral Conjunctions had grievances to Complain of.

Synd. My Lord, I do Complain before your Lordſhip in the name of them all, that they cannot get mony for their Wares of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*, eſpecially thoſe that are about the Court.

Lego. Go, go, I pray thee hold thy tongue fellow; whatever the Courtiers ſpend it is for his Majeſty ſervice, after a manner; and I perceive by thee thou art a great Servant of the Kings. However be patient a while, and you ſhall all have your monies, and that with the intereſt.

Synd. What intereſt, I pray, my Lord?

Lego. The intereſt of our favour; is not that enough?

[Syndon *ſhakes his head.*

Lego. My Lords, I think, we had beſt diſmiſe this fellow, and let him ſend in ſome of the principal Plantiffs amongſt the *Tradeſmen*, provided they will not talk of mony.

Aud. What you pleaſe my Lord, go thy wayes, honeſt Fellow, and ſend in hither ſome of thoſe that have Grievances to complain of, but let them be ſure not to talk of Debts: For my Lord *Lego* will do no more than read a Bill, if they bring any. My Lord *Amo* will bring them to *compound*: my Lord *Doceo* will admoniſh them to take heed how they truſt them for the future: and for my part, I can only give them the *hearing*.

Synd. Small encouragements, my Lords, for Creditors. [*Exit.*

Introit

Introit Tom Vel.

Art. Here comes a little Fellow, my Lords, This is one of the *Conjunctions* diminitives my Lords, as ſure as can be. I pray thee, little Fellow, what is thy name?

Vel. I am not ſo little, but I have a name. My name is *Tom Vel*, I have been bigger and't pleaſe your Lordſhips, but now I am a decayed *Tradeſman.*

Lego. A broken *Tradeſman*, I doubt: And what? doeſt think we can piece thee again.

Art. I ſuppoſe, my Lord, he has learnt ſo much Logick as to know, that *Ejuſdem eſt diminuere & augere*, and therefore addreſſes himſelf to your Lordſhips for redreſs.

Lego. Why, I hope, we never broke any of you Lawyers yet, Mr. *Article.*

Art. No, my Lord, I doubt the *Lawyers* have half broke many of your Lordſhips. But, I doubt, your Lordſhips may have broke many a poor Shoo-maker and Taylor.

Doc. I pray thee, Good Fellow, go and lick thy ſelf whole again, we are no Committee for *Charitable* uſes.

Amo. But yet, my Lord, we are a Committee, that ought to uſe *Charity.* Let me interceed with your Lordſhips on the poor mans behalf.

Aud. Your Lordship may command our purses.

They put their hands into their Pockets, and give him each a piece of Silver.

Vel. I humbly thank your Lordships, I hope, I shall set up my Trade again now.

Art. I pray thee do not set up the Trade of begging now thou hast sped so well.

Vel. No, Sir, I never begg'd before, and had not it been for *Lawyers* I had not begged now.

Their Lordships laugh at Mr. Article. *Exit* Vel.

Introit Ergo, *and bows.*

Lego. Who comes now, another broken Tradesman?

Ergo. No, my Lord, but sore bruised; my name is *Ergo.*

Art. This Fellow, my Lord *Doceo* makes much use of, I suppose he is one of his Lordships Clyents.

Doc. You should make as much use of him as I, Mr. *Article*, only you want *Logick* and *Latine.* But what ails thee *Ergo.* Their Lordships are full of weighty business, *Ergo* thou oughtest to hold thy tongue.

Ergo. Alas, my Lord, I have been a Servant

vant to your Lordship, and to your Father and Grandfather, and whither should I come to complain but to your Lordship. I am little acquainted with these noble Lords, only my Lord *Amo* makes use of me when he's pleased to argue, which is very seldome: But I have been used most kindly by his Lordship, for he alwayes draws most righteous and most charitable conclusions.

Art. Why, what does't complain of then Fellow?

Ergo. Alas Sir, and 't like your Worship, I am generally abused in all places; and especially among the *Sophisters* in the University, and *Lawyers* in the Country. The *Sophisters* make me to speak any thing that they have a mind to, be it never so false. As for example, they will argue thus, *No Lawyer is an Honest man, I am no Lawyer* Ergo *I am an honest man.*

Art. And, I pray thee, now thou speakest of *Lawyers*, how do they abuse thee in the Country?

Ergo. Sir, they do not often name me: I know not whether they know my name: But they will make false inferences from true premises as ordinarily as can be, and by that means makes me serve their filthy partiality and avarice.

Doc. Why, what would'st thou have

us to do for thee, poor *Ergo* ?

Ergo. To do me right, my Lord, as your Lorſhip beſt knows how.

Amo. Its fit my Lord the poor fellow were righted, But his buſineſs will take up a great deal of time, I think we had better refer him to the *Concluſion.*

Aud. Your Lordſhip ſpeaks very judiciouſly come again another time.

Ergo. I humbly thank your Lordſhips. [*Exit.*

Lego. Go *Trochus* and wiſh my Lord Leiutenant to ſend hither ſome principal fellow amongſt the Labourers. [*Exit.*

He ſtayes a little longer than ordinary

Lego. Why have you been ſo long, Sirrah?

Troch. My Lord he was at Work in my Lord Leiutenants Barn, I was fain to run thither for him.

Introit Empony Protheſe, *and ſcrapes.*

Aud. Have you any thing to ſay againſt the *Prepoſitions*, Mr. *Article.*

Art. Yes, my Lord, the King accuſeth the *Prepoſitions* of Pride.

Proth. Alas my Lord we are poor people that get our livings by our hard labour, what have we to be proud of.

Art.

Art. They are *Proudest* of all (Fellow) that have nothing at all to be Proud of.

Proth. But I pray you, Sir, where do you see any Pride in us? Pride scorns to go in leather and handle a flayle.

Art. Yes friend, there's *leathern Pride* as well as *silken Pride*, as much *Pride* in a *flayle* as in a *Scepter*. But I will tell you wherein your Pride does appear: You love to be set before other parts of speech.

Proth. You may call that our Zeal, if you will Sir, or our forwardness in his Majesties service; But it is not our Pride, no more then it is a stout Souldiers Pride that he loves to be in the forefront of the Battails where he may do most service.

Aud. If that be their Principle you are not to Condemn them of Pride, Mr. *Article.*

Art. I wish it be my Lord. But it is one sort of *Pride* to desire to seem to be better then one is.

Amo. Come, come, Mr. *Article*, do not Judge mens principles, interpret every thing to the best meaning that it will admit of.

Art. I pray what interpretation can your Lordships Charity make of this then? when they have got a Cow and a Couple of horses

horses and a little end of Sheep, and are grown pretty well to live, they will needs turn *Husband-men.* This is an incroaching upon the *Adverbs*, and breeds confusion in the Kingdom.

Proth. Alas Sir, the times are so hard that we have much ado to get from hand to mouth. I do not believe that you have heard of any of us that have turned *Adverbs* of late; formerly indeed, when the times were to get mony, some few did so, but it is not so now.

Art. But the King complains of you Prepositions for *Covetousness* to in serving so many cases. He doubts you would serve the *Turk* to get mony.

Proth. Truely Sir, we cannot live by one Master, the times are hard, men do much of their own work themselves: And we are glad to serve any man in a honest way to get a Penny. I have had some Work here of late, I thank my good Lord Lieutenant: But now that ceases, its a question whether I shall have a days work again this fortnight.

Amo. They say of you Lawyers, Mr. *Article*, that you may make *Work* in the World where ever you come; now if you would find some Work for this poor fellow you would do well.

Art.

Art. My Lord, I will find him work if he will.

Proth. Ah, good Sir, onny work that I can do.

Art. I will make thee one of my *Bayliffs* for this Winter, whilſt work is ſcarce.

Proth. Nay, Sir, I had rather work, than over-ſee Workmen.

Doc. No, no, Fellow, his *Bayliffs* are not Overſeers, he means *Bum-Bayliffs.*

Proth. Alas, Sir, that's the way to have little work for a time and be without while I live for't. I had rather go to my thraſhing again with your Lordſhips leave.

Lego. Tell thy Neighbours, that if they have any thing to ſay to the Kings Commiſſioners, they may come and be heard.

[*He ſcrapes and goes.*

Introit Pone, *and ſcrapes to them all.*

Lego. What's thy name, Friend?

Pone. My name is poor *Ralph Pone*, my Lord.

Doc. And what's the matter with thee? what haſt thou to complain of?

Pone. My Lord, I am ſo abuſed as never was poor Man. I am a *Prepoſition* bred and born, and yet I am alwayes made to come

behind

behind. I deſire your Lordſhip either to change my name or change my quality. I had rather never be called a *Prepoſition* than alwayes to be ſet *behind*, and be *behind-hand* in the World, as I am. I have taken as much pains as any poor man of my ability in the Kings Dominions, and yet am ſtill behind-hand.

Doc. Alas, poor Fellow, I am ſorry for thee, but we cannot change the Deſtinies.

Pone. No, my Lord, but, I hope, your Lordſhips can change my quality or my name.

Doc. Conceit thou art named ſo only, ὑς ἀγλιφεσιν.

Pone. I think, my Lord, I am called *a Prepoſition* onely by contraries, becauſe I alwaies come behind.

Amo. Nay, never quarrel with thy name Man, but be diligent and get *beforehand* as faſt as thou canſt.

Art. Your Lordſhips would do an act of Charity, I humbly conceive, to change his quality, make him a *Verb.*

Pone. Nay, good my Lord, do not make me a *Lord.* I confeſs, I am proud enough as I am. There is a *Verb* of my name, and he is my Kinſman too, but he takes no great notice of me. I have ſometimes made my moan to him, but he puts me by with ſome lame

lame excuse or other, and puts me off from time to time, but never *put* any money into my purse, nor put me into a way of living.

Doc. Well Fellow, there's no Condition so bad, but there is some convenience in it, take one time with another, and 'tis as good to be *behind* as *before*, when it comes to fighting or paying of Taxes, than I warrant thou art content to be *Pone*; and indeed at all times there are as good come *behind* as go *before*. And therefore go thy wayes and be content.

[*Exit* Pone.

Introit Præ, *and bows.*

Art. I know this Fellow, my Lords, this is that stout Fellow *Jeffery Præ*.

Lego. Is this he? I have often heard of him, what comes thou about *Præ*?

Præ. I am come *before* your Lordships to complain of my hard lot.

Art. Nay, I warrant you, my Lords, let this Fellow alone, and he will be *before* every body; he will needs be *before* your Lordships.

Lego. Well but whats thy complaint Fellow?

Præ. My Lords, I am a poor man of small ability, and my neighbours alwayes puts me *before*; which in times of Peace is matters of great

great charge, and in times of War is matter of great danger.

Aud. *Quî fit ut nemo, quam sibi sortem*
Seu ratio dederit seu fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat!
O fortunati Mercatores, gravis annis
Miles ait.
Contra Mercator, navim jactantibus Austris,
Militia est potior.

Here was thy neighbour *Pone* even now, who sayes he is so abused as never was poor man, because he is still kept *behind*, and now thou art much distressed with going *before*, I see plainly there is nothing either in priority or posteriority, but all lies in a mans apprehension.

Art. Is it not an honour to go before, *Jeffery?*

Pre. I do not like that costly and dangerous honour, Sir, I had rather *Cavere mihi post principia.* If it be a moving match, or if we thrash together, I am still put to be the Fore-man. And when we train, I am forc't to stand in the Fore-tront, which have caused me to have many a sad knock. I beseech your Lordships let me come behind.

Amo. We are loath to determine any thing but with consent of Parties. Go thy wayes and see if thy neighbour *Pone* will be content

to

to change with thee, and if you two can agree, come tell us and we will eſtabliſh it.

Præ. I thank your Lordſhips. [*Exit.*

Lego. What have we finiſhed all, Mr. *Article*?

Art. No, my Lord, there are the *Interjections* ſtill behind, if your Lordſhips will vouchſafe to admit any of them. If you pleaſe, my Lords, call for the chief of them, whom they call *the King of the Beggars.*

Lego. Go *Trochus*, ſee if thou canſt find him. [*Exit.*

Trochus *returns and ſpeaks.*

Troch. He's here, my Lord; I found him at my Lord Leiutenants gates.

Introit Ptocharches *the* Interjection.

Ptoch. Good my Lords, beſtow ſomething upon a Poor man, that's old, and lame, and ſickly.

Doc. Sirrah, you was not call'd hither to beg, but to give an account of your begging.

Art. My Lords, the Kings Majeſtie complains exceedingly of the great numbers and intollerable rudeneſs of this ſort of People, but eſpecially is offended with this *Rogue*, that pretends to be a *King* of them. Your Lordſhips know well enough, that *Regnum*

&

& thalamus non patiuntur conſortes.

Lego. Sirrah, do you pretend to be a King?

Pto. Only a *King of Beggars*, my Lord. I have no benefit by it, my Lord, but only a few more patches, Good my Lord conſider the caſe of a Poor old ſickly man, and give him ſome relief.

Doc. You ſick, you *Rogue*? you look as well as any of us.

Ptoc. Good my Lords pity a Poor man: I have a ſecret diſtemper, my Lords, which makes me unable to do any thing. If I would work, I would not trouble your Lordſhips.

Lego. What diſtemper is that, Sirrah?

Ptoc. A ſecret diſtemper, my Lord, I do not know the name of it.

Art. I can tell thee the name on't, it is called by the Phyſitians ἀργία, that is in plain Engliſh *Idleneſs*.

Ptoc. I hope your Worſhip nere ſaw me Idle, I'm very dilligent in my *calling*, or I ſhould never have been preferr'd to be *King of the beggars*. Good your Worſhip give the poor man one penny.

Enter Heu, Io, *and* Væ.

Art. Who are theſe, ſome of thy Comrades?

Ptoc. And't pleaſe your Worſhip, theſe are poor

poor men like my self, and are come, I suppose, to beg your Lordships Charity.

Art. What are their names, and what Quality are they of?

[Ptoc. *looks back upon them and speaks.*

Ptoc. Here's *Heu*, an interjection of *sorrowing*; *Io*, an interjection of *calling*, and *Væ*, an interjection of *Cursing*.

Heu. God my Lords bestow a small piece of silver upon a poor Cripple, that has nothing sound about him to get his living by.

Doc. *Apagite, apagite hominum mendicabula, sat istorum salutatorum habemus domi.*

Heu. *O miserere laborum tantorum!*

Amo. How cam'st thou to be a Cripple, Fellow?

Heu. Ah, my Lord, I had my Arms, and legs, and whole Body broken and bruised in a Coal-pit, by a fall of Earth. I onely escap'd with my life, poor miserable life, and I know not how to maintain that neither, except it please your Lordships to relieve it. I beseech your Lordships to pity a poor distressed Creature and give him one spill.

Amo. Call my Secretary (*Trochus*) and let him make him a Pass for the town, where he was born.

Heu. Nay, Good my Lord do not send me

thither amongst a company of poor and and hard hearted people, let me rather die at your Lordships feet.

Art. I doubt it would be a kind of death to thee to be confined any where, tho it be in a Pallace.

Io. Good my Lord a piece of silver to a poor man. [*He boots yet louder.* Good your Honours pity the poor.

And. My Lords, I cannot hear for noise, pray cause this Fellow to be removed from us.

Amo. Where was you born, Sirrah?

Io. In *Zouch-Mill*, my Lord.

Art. Thou maist well be born in a Mill by the noise thou makest.

Io. Yes, my Lord, my Father was a *Miller* and came to an untimely end, and left eleven small Children, without house or harbour, or bread to put into their mouths.

Art. Methinkst thou shouldst be a little more *Mealy mouth'd* then, if thy Father was a Miller. [*He boots.*

Io. Good my Lords, good your Honours, have pity upon a poor man.

Ve. I pray, my Lord, give somewhat to a poor Man.

And. What's thy name, Fellow?

Ve. My

Væ. My name is *Væ*, my Lord. Good your Lordſhip beſtow one ſmall piece of ſilver upon me.

Aud. Where waſt thou born?

Væ. I know not where I was born, how ſhould I remember ſince I was born?

Aud. But Sirrah, your Mother can remember where ſhe bore you, cannot ſhe?

Væ. I think, I have heard her ſay, I was born under a *Crab-tree in Nun-flat Hedges.*

Aud. Like enough, for thou retaineſt the nature of a *Crab* to this day. Sirrah, you are a ſtiff *Rogue*, and would better become a houſe of Correction than this Court.

Væ. *At te Jupiter male perduit cum auribus aſininis.* I hope, I ſhall ſit and ſing under a hedge, when an hundred ſuch Lords as you will be hang'd upon the Trees with your ὑπανύσακον gravity.

Art. Sirrah, do you curſe the Kings Commiſſioners!

Væ. *Abiſis in malam rem & tu peſſime utilitigator.* I ſhall have a tongue left me to beg my living with, when yours will be cut out out for lying. *He puts on his hat, and goes away grumbling.*

Lego. *Trochus*, go wiſh my Lord Lieutenant to ſend after this Fellow, and apprehend him, and make him his *Mittimus*.

Troch. Dicto citius, My Lord. [*He goes.*

He returns presently.

Two or three of the Souldiers are gone after him, my Lord.

Doc. I suppose there is never a Barrel better Herring, take away that gaping Fellow, and let him be stockt and whipt, and sent to the Mill that he speaks of.

[*He hoots.*

Io. Nay, Good my Lords give the poor man one penny, that has not a bit of bread to put in his mouth.

Doc. Go, go, away with him, *Trochus.*

[Trochus *layes hold of him.*

Tro. Come away, Sirrah.

Io. Nay, Good my Lords, good your Honours deal not so cruelly with me.

Doc. Why dost thou not take him away.

Tro. Come Sirrah, you must go.

He hales him away and returns, but not speedily.

Heu. Good your Honours, have pity upon the poor Cripple, and he shall ever pray for your Honours.

Lego, I, Sirrah, you'l pray as your Brother *Væ* prays if you be not humor'd. You'r a dissembling Rascal, we will send you after your

your Brother *Io*, as soon as the Officer comes in. { *He unties his leg, gets both the crutches in his hand, and runs away.*

Aud. Now, Sirrah, you shall give an account for all the disorders of your Order: for I perceive you are a Ring-leader of this wicked Crew.

Ptoc. Nay, good my Lord, do not lay to my charge, nor to the whole Society of the *Interjections*, what these rude Fellows do amiss: There are many of them very sober, discreet, dutiful, loyal, peaceable Subjects. I hope your Lordships will be favourable to them.

Aud. I pray thee what's thy name?

Ptoc. My proper name, my Lord, is *Euge.*

Aud. Where wast thou born, and how camest thou to follow this trade?

Ptoc. My Lord, I was born in *Eutopia*, my Fathers name was *Eu* a Grecian, and my Mothers name was *Age* a Lady of this Kingdome.

Doc. How camst thou to take up this trade then?

Ptoc. Truely, my Lord, not so much to *receive Charity* as in *Charity*; I do it in *Charity* to the rich, and in *Charity* to the Poor: In Charity to the Poor, for there are very many Poor depending upon me, whom I feed

with the bread that I beg. I do it also in Charity to the rich, to give them an occasion of doing good, wherein I reckon they are the greatest Benefactors to themselves. *Petamusque damusque vicissim.*

Amo. We will enquire of my Lord Lieutenant concerning this Character thou givest of thy self, and if we find it true, my opinion is, my Lords, that this Fellow shall have a Patent, that he may follow his calling without disturbance, and he may by his wise Super-intendency do the King very good service; for I see there had as much need be a King over the Beggars, as over any sort of People in the Kings Dominions. In the mean time there's something for thy relief.

[*They all give him somewhat.*

Euge. *Euge benigni & quam optimi viri curaltis probe.* [*Exit.*

Aud. Now, Mr. *Article*, we see, I hope, an end of this trouble.

Art. If it might not be over troublesome to your Lordships, I have one humble request to make to your Honors on my own behalf.

Aud. Let us hear it, I pray, Mr. *Article.*

Art. Your Lordships are not ignorant, that in the *Grecian Empire* the *Article* is a distinct part of Speech, might I not humbly beg of your

your Lordship the like priviledge.

And. I pray, Mr. *Article*, be content to go along with your Brethren the *Pronouns* for the present, and we will consult the Kings Majesty about that when we have leasure.

Lego. Trochus, go call my Lord *Amo*'s Secretaries to record the determinations and sentences of the Committee; if his Lordship please to lend them us: for, I think, none of ours are come with us.

Amo. With all my heart, my Lords. They are two of my Sons, but in this business they shall be your Lordships Servants

Doc. I think your Lordship hath three Sons, tho I never had the happiness to see them.

Amo. Yes, my Lord, I have so, but one of them, Poor Boy, is dumb: Bid them all come in to wait upon my Lords, *Trochus*.

[*Exit* Trochus.

Trochus *returns. They follow him. The Lords and they compliment one another.*

Doc. May I crave your name, Sir?

Di. My Lord, my name is *Amandi.*

Doc. And, I pray, who gave you that

name, and what may be the reaſon of it?

Di. My Lord, I ſuppoſe my Father gave it me, or cauſed it to be given me: And he hath told me, that the reaſon of it was this. I am my Fathers eldeſt Son, and your Lordſhip knows, that it is a moſt perfect degree of Love to *die* for our Neighbour.

And. But what, my young Lord, I hope, we ſhall not loſe you ſo ſoon.

Di. No, my Lord, my Father hath taught me, that the love of my ſelf ſhould be my Pattern for the loving of my Neighbours: And that I ought to be *wiſe* as well as *Charitable*: Therefore I may not throw away my life at a venture, nor die upon a trivial Errand.

Doc. Nay, if you be wiſe as well as loving, it may be you may live a good while for all your name.

Di. I am commanded to be ſo, my Lord: for the Love that is blind and raſh is not love but paſſion and humour. To diſcern when there is a Caſe, that requires me to lay down my life for my Friend is a high degree of wiſdome, and to do it when there is ſuch a caſe, is the perfection and firſt born of Love.

Doc. And, I pray Sir, what is your name?

Do.

Do. My name, my Lord, is *Amando.*

Doc. And, I pray you Sir, what is the reason of that name?

Do. My Lord, I am my Fathers second Son, and he hath been pleased so to name me, teaching me that in many cases where I cannot *die* for my Friend, yet I must *do* for him. I am not so perfect as my elder Brother, but I am more frequent than he: for I have a thousand occasions to *do* for my Neighbours, before he has one to *die* for him. My younger Brother, my Lord, is dumb, who is a Child of Love too, for in many cases, where my Elder Brother and I have no place, he has: He is silent and lovingly concealing of many infirmities: And alwayes by not reporting, censuring, backbiting doth evidence himself to be a Child of Love, tho the least of my Lord *Amo.*

Doc. Truely, my Lord, you have a lovely Off-spring.

Amo. I have also two Daughters, my Lord, *Amatum* and *Amatu*, the eldest is *active* and the younger is *passive*, where the former hath not place many times the other hath.

Doc. We do often speak of *active* and *passive* obedience, but I never heard of *active* and *passive* Love before now: would not your Lordship be pleased to match your eldest Son?

Amo.

Amo. Yes, my Lord, I am very desirous to propagate *Amors* in the World.

Doc. I hope your Lordship will not be offended at my ambition, if I should wish that my Daughter *Doce* were worthy of him.

Amo. I know, my Lord, my Son will be a very loving Husband: and it seems to me at the first view to be a very meet *Conjunction*, but of those things, if your Lordship please, at more leasure. *Di*, do you record the Sentences and Determinations of the Court; *Do*, do you dictate them to him: I suppose you may have them out of Mr. *Articles* notes.

Art. I doubt, my Lords, you have wearied your selves too much already: if your Lordships please to refresh your selves with my Lord Lieutenant; I hope this business may be as well done after Supper.

Aud. I think you make a good motion, Mr. *Article*.

[*They begin to rise.*

Intrait Gymnasiarches *with the Eight Parts of Speech following him.*

Gym. My Lords, I am desired in the name of the Eight Parts of Speech to acknowledge

ledge your Lordſhips great pains in order to a happy accommodation and eſtabliſhment. And I do verily hope, that your Lordſhips wiſdome and authority have effectually accompliſhed a happy civil union amongſt them, but for the firmer preſervation thereof, I have one requeſt further humbly to preſent to your Lordſhips.

And. What is that, I beſeech you, my Lord? I am confident we ſhall ſee reaſon to do whatſoever your Lordſhip ſhall judge reaſonable to deſire.

Gymn. In order to the preſerving of a *Civil* union, my Lords, I humbly conceive it neceſſary to procure an union *Eccleſiaſtical.*

Doc. Nothing more certain than that *Aphoriſme*, my Lord.

Gymn. This, my Lords, I have been zealouſly attempting, and I ſeem to my ſelf to diſcover ſome fair hopes of it, only one ſmall thing threatens the ruin of my expectations.

Amo. I beſeech you, my Lord keep us no longer in ſuſpence, but tell us what it is, for were it never ſo great an obſtruction, I hope, we ſhould be able to remove it in order to ſo excellent a Good, as an *Eccleſiaſtical Unioa.*

Gymn. My Lords, I reckon that a Union *Eccle-*

Ecclesiastical cannot be, or at least cannot be lasting without communion and converse; this cannot be without a convenient place, which therefore is our only errand in troubling your Lordships so far so unseasonably.

Doc. My Lord, I could not have thought you had loved us or the publick peace, if you had not communicated this affair to us. I am confident their Lordships will serve you to the utmost both with their *personal and political* interest in order to an Edifice which so directly tends to *Edification and Order.*

They all speak. We will serve you most heartily, my Lord.

Gymn. My Lords I humbly thank you both for my self, and in the name of all his Majesties Subjects, in whose names I am also desired to entreat your Lordships to accept of a small Banquet and a Glass of Wine.

They answer. Your servants, my Lord.

And follow him out, and the Eight Parts of Speech follow them in order.

FINIS.

Minerva's Triumph:

OR

RHETORICK

In all the Parts of it,

Perſonated by Youths

IN

DRAMATICK SCENES

AT A

Country School.

Preſented to the View of all that Love Learning, but eſpecially Recommended to the Peruſal of Young Schollars, and the Uſe of Schools at their Breakings up.

THE SECOND PART.

LONDON,
Printed for *Dan. Brown* at the Black-Swan and Bible without *Temple-Bar*, 1683.

Minerva's Triumph:

OR

RHETORICK

Performed by Youths

IN

A

Country School.

THE SECOND PART.

Printed for J. B. at the Black-Swan
and Bible without Temple-Bar, 1683.

The Speakers Names.

Ellogus and *Eclogus* } Princes. King *Eulogus* his Sons.

Invention, *Ellogus* his Page.
Affection, *Eclogus* his Page.

Trope and *Figure* } *Ellogus* his Ministers of State.

Metonymy, *Irony*, *Metaphor*, *Synecdoche* } *Tropes* Sons.

Hyperbole a Captain,

Prolepsis

Prolepsis
Anacenosis
Gnome
Noeme
Etiology
Diatipose
Paridigme
Symbole
Antichresis
Digression
Increment
Decrement
Periphrase
Ecphonese
Apory
Aposiopesis
Sermocination
Prosopope
Sarcasme

Figures, Sons of Madam *Sententia.*

Ellipsis
Pleonasme
Asyndeton
Polysyndeton
Tmesis
Antanaclasis

Figures, Sons by the Lady *Dictio.*

PRO-

PROLOGUS.

I *Preſume it is not from over curious obſervation, nor from over much Philoſophy, that all men cry* the World runs round. *But be it* Tradi-on *or* Superſtition, *or their own* Giddi-neſs *that makes them ſay ſo, it's no great matter; for ſo it does, and ſo it's like to do, whil'ſt it is ſo* Tropical, *as you will find by and by. Neither the* Ariſtote-lian, *nor the* Carteſian *Philoſophy (as cunning as it is) have found out all the* Tropical *points that are in this great* Globe. *Nay, as this great Miſtery have baffl'd Philoſophers, ſo I doubt not to affirm, that it hath eſcap'd the* Divines *too.*

They, and their grave Brotherhood the Stateſmen, *give us a thouſand conjectures about the Cauſes and Motives of mens Opinions, Tempers, and Actions, forget-*

ting all the while, that there is a certain Vein of Rhetorick running through the Humane Nature (much more natural to men than the Turn *is to Calves) which infects all their Sentiments, and modifies all their Actions. So that indeed there is no such thing as Philosophy, or Divinity; but* Rhetorick *governs all the World; and* Tropes *and* Figures *(with a little* Grammar *to teach them to speak) carry all before them. They talk of plain, simple, literal, ingenious, cordial, real and I know not what; but the plain truth is, there is nothing plain nor true amongst men; but the whole life of man is a* Tropical Figurative *Converse, and a continued Rhetorication. If* Vossius, Ramus, Talcus, Farnaby, Butler, Du-Guard *(I will not say* Walker, *because he is yet alive) and a thousand more of them were hang'd out of the way, there would be no dearth of Rhetorick: for every individual man is a Systeme of it. That the most illiterate people, in*

their

their moſt ordinary communication, do Rhetoricate by Inſtinct, *as well as others do by Art, is very obvious, ſo obvious, that I dare ſay, take but an ingenious and well practis'd Scold, and with the help of an artificial Interpreter, She ſhall appear to give Examples of half the Tropes and Figures in* Butler *at one heat. But that's not all; for men live* Tropes *and* Figures *as well as ſpeak them: and this is the thing that is principally deſign'd to be repreſented to you. King* Eulogus *(by ſome call'd Rhetorick) had two Sons,* Ellogus *and* Eclogus *(ſometime call'd* Elocution *and* Pronunciation*) he divided his Kingdom between them, giving them each in charge to be very induſtrious to propagate the Rhetorical Dominions. How far they and their Officers have prevail'd, you will ſee when you hear them ſpeak for themſelves. But be ſure you hear them cautiouſly, or elſe they may cheat you: for they'l Rhetoricate if their lives lay on't, and I dare lay my life on't you'l ſay ſo.* [Exit.

WORDS

Made Visible:

OR,

RHETORICK

Accommodated to the Lives and Manners of Men.

ANimadvertite ſitis (acceptiſſimi advenæ, tum auriti, *tum* oculati,) *dum loquacula & balbutiens* Grammatica, *(proh facinus audax!) exhibet* Rhetoricam *triumphantem: Triumphantem dixi? Imo & Triumphatam:* Elocutionem *ſcilicet* pronunciationi, *& hanc illi reciprocè inſultantem. Tanta vis, tantus vigor, tam ingentes ſpiritus ſunt* Rhetoricæ, *ut de ſeipsâ velit, potius quam non velit triumphare. Rhetores non ſumus: id adeo manifeſtum eſt, quia Rhetoricam agimus. At (o tempora, o mores!) quis non eſt Rhetor? non tam in* colloquiis, *quam in* commerciis, *non tam* ore, *quam* more *Rhetoricatur gens humana. Totum hoc*

quod

quod loquimur, quod ſentimus, quod vivimus, quantum quantum eſt, Tropicum *&* Schematicum *eſt. Valeat dehinc & exulet garrula gens Pædagogicorum Sophiſtarum: Nemo eſt qui non,* Rhetoricæ *regulas dicam, an* Rhetoricam *ſine regulis, tradit. Nemo eſt, cujus omnis vita* Rhetoricæ Syſtema *audire non mereatur.* Si fortuna volet, *(quid nobis cum fortunâ?) ſi natura volet, fies de conſule Rhetor. De* conſule *dixi? Imo de* Scribâ, Aſſeclâ, Scurrâ, Rabulâ, Lixâ, Laniſtâ. *Vos ipſi, Auditores, dum* Rhetoricæ *cauſam ſuam agenti datis operam, Tropæum ipſi erecturi eſtis: Amicali enim quadam* Digreſſione *huc adveniſtis; attendite ſitis cum ſeria* Apoſiopeſi, *& nullus dubito quin cum* Epanorthoſi *revertamini.*

Enter Ellogus, Eclogus, Invention, *and* Affection.

Ellog. WE are now come to the place (Brother *Eclogus*) which we appointed the other day, wherein more freely to debate the Controverſie which then we had only ſome light velitation about. Our dear Father, of bleſſed memory, Prince *Eulogus*, gave us in charge, each of us to our utmoſt abilities, to propagate the Rhetorical Do-

minions, and promis'd us that proportionably we and ours ſhould find the influence of his bleſſing. In purſuance of which Command, tho it be well known to all the World that we have been both of us faithful and induſtrious, yet I muſt be bold to think I have laboured moſt and ſucceeded beſt; this I am prepar'd to make good this day: and you, I preſume, are *prepar'd* too, but never will be *able* to make good your claim, which you lay either to endeavours or ſucceſs. However you will, like an honeſt Gentleman, make good your word, if you produce your arguments (ſuch as they are) either for the one or the other.

Eclog. I am heartily glad, Sir, that we are ſo happily met, and ſo well agreed to diſpute this Caſe, tho we ſhould diſagree in the diſputation of it, for if any ſtrife can be allow'd amongſt Brothers, ſurely it is this, to ſtrive who ſhall be moſt officious to their Parents, or obſequious to their commands. I do humbly conceive my ſelf no whit inferior to you in managing and promoting the Intereſt of Rhetorick in the World. And that this is more than bare conceit or confidence, the power of my Arguments and the number of my Inſtances ſhould forthwith evince, did not my modeſty,

deſty, as much oblige me to be *laſt* in *ſpeak-ing*, as my zeal hath prompted me to be *firſt* and moſt vigorous in *acting*.

Ellog. Come, come Brother, *Pronunciation* may ſay any thing; but certainly it is utterly beſide the nature of modeſty to proclaim it ſelf. You have almoſt given me the day already by ſhrowding your Cowardice under the fair Title of modeſty, whereby you do in effect confeſs how much you are beholden to my *Tropes*.

Eclog. I have more reaſon to beg my ſelf pardon, than you Sir, if (to my own diſparagement) I at any time ſtumble upon a *Trope*: for I am very well ſatisfi'd that the greateſt honour that belongs to a *Trope*, is my having once *pronounc'd* it. But you ſhall not make me deſert my vertuous modeſty by your odious repreſentation of it; tho, I think, it is the greateſt temptation in the World to Apoſtacy. Whatever priority or pre-eminence, I do apprehend my ſelf to have gotten, yet I have not forgotten that you are my elder Brother, and therefore am reſolv'd to comply with the order of Nature in this debate. I preſume you have appointed your two great Miniſters of State, *Trope* and *Figure* to attend upon you in this diſpute: I beſeech you therefore, Sir, if you

reckon (with me) that it is below the dignity of your perſon, to be at the pains of pleading for your ſelf, or giving the narrative of your own Conqueſts, impoſe that task upon them and their children.

Ellog. Well Brother, ſince I perceive it is more than a complement, and that you have not forſworn all good manners, I am content that you ſhall hear firſt, what my right truſty and well beloved Coſins, *Trope* and *Figure*, can ſay on my behalf; for to them indeed I have wholly committed the management of my affairs: and herein, I reckon, I do you a ſingular kindneſs, for, I preſume, that by hearing them ſpeak firſt, you will ſave your ſelf the pains of ſpeaking.

Eclog. Nay, nay, Sir, I am too well acquainted with your Rhetorical inſinuations, to be ſcar'd into ſilence in a Cauſe ſo juſt, that it needs nothing but being *pronounc'd* to make it victorious.

Ellog. If it need nothing but that, I hope, you will not ſuffer it to miſcarry. But I doubt not in this debate to evince the preeminent dignity of *Elocution*, that *Pronunciation* himſelf ſhall be forc'd to *pronounce* ſentence on my part. Call in hither Mounſieur *Trope* and Mounſieur *La Figure*.

Invent. Shall I call them in both together and't pleaſe your Excellency?

Ellog. Why doſt thou ask that *Invention*?

Invent. I'm afraid they ſhould ſtrike Prince *Eclogus* dumb, if they ſhould appear both together, and then he would complain that he had not fair play in his Diſpute with your *Excellency.*

Eclog. I lay my life thou art a *Trope* or a Tropes Baſtard. Mounſieur *Oxymoron* begat thee on Madam *Synecioſis*, I warrant; thou canſt ſpeak non-ſenſe ſo ingeniouſly. A man ſtruck dumb ſhould yet complain.

Invent. Thoſe two noble perſons whom your *Excellency* Names (of whom I do not account my ſelf worthy to be the accidental Iſſue) are not *Tropes* but *Figures.*

Eclog. Am I *Pronunciation*, Sirrah, and may not call perſons by what names I pleaſe? If inſtead of *Figure* I pleaſe to call thee *Cipher* (as I intend to make *Ciphers* of them all, before I have done with them) that muſt be thy name all the days of thy Life after.

Invent. It's dangerous diſputing with a perſon that can call a man out of his name, and yet make that to be his name whatſoever he calls him. [Exit. *Invent.*

Eclog. I pray, Brother tell me whether

I

I have not hit right of this fellows Genealogy?

Ellog. You give a ſhrewd gueſs Brother, he is a little kin to'm. But he is an ingenious fellow for all that, and indeed grows into good requeſt in the World. To come as near to nonſenſe as is poſſible, and yet to eſcape it, is a thing neither the *Theological*, *Scholaſtical* nor *Philoſophical* Profeſſors do look ſo much awry upon now, as they did in the more ſquemiſh Ages of the World. But of that, I ſuppoſe, *Oximoron* himſelf will tell you more, if we have time to call him in.

Enter Trope *and* Figure. *They ſalute one another.*

Ellog. I pray, Sir, favour me ſo far as that their Lorſhips may not only have the honour of being, but the eaſe of ſitting in your Excellencies preſence, during this Debate.

Ellog. I thank you kindly, Brother, for your reſpects to them, and interpret it as a branch of the honour you bear to my own perſon. Come Coſins, you are my faithful Miniſters that have all along ſtood by me in all my Conqueſts, now ſit down by me in the rehearſal of them: and let us prove

our

our ſelves old Romans, *Sedendo vincentes.*
They bow and ſit down, but uncover'd.

Tro. Your Excellencies benignity, makes us to underſtand the *ſedendo*, but, I hope, there can be no interpretation made of the *vincentes*, ſave onely what the famous ſweetneſs of both your tempers does ſuggeſt, that you ſtrive which ſhall overcome in the expreſſions of fraternal kindneſs towards each other, and benign influences towards the Univerſe.

Eclog. My Lord, you have hit the nail on the head: the Controverſie between us lies in this, which of us have moſt obtain'd in the World, and moſt propagated the Rhetorical Intereſt, and inlarg'd the Dominions of our Father *Eulogus* of bleſſed memory. Is not this the State of the Controverſie Brother?

Ellog. Yes, yes Brother, you are right enough in your plain way of Stating the Controverſie. And for this cauſe I have ſent for your hither, in as much as you are not only *privy* to, but principal *Adjuvants* in all my victorious and triumphant actions.

Fig. May it pleaſe your moſt Excellent Excellency to regard us as the unworthieſt, meaneſt and baſeſt inſtruments, and utenſils of your both many, and ſpeedy, and lucky, and conſtant

ſtant, and innumerable Conqueſts: but to eſteem us Adjuvants, Adjuvants of ſuch Heroick atchievements; this, tho it be conformable to your candor to ſuggeſt, yet it is not conſiſtent with our humility to accept; unleſs our accepting of it may ſerve for the further illuſtrating of your vertues. Illuſtrating did I ſay? (pardon that overweening Phraſe) for the promulging of them; which yet (I muſt confeſs) all the World is well acquainted with already.

Eclog. Away with this Paraſitical Harangue, Mounſieur *La Figure*, and tell us in plain terms what you or yours have really done to make the World *Rhetorical*.

Fig. It is honour enough to be your Excellencies *Echo*, and to ſay and prove the World's Rhetorical.

Eclog. I Sir, but you muſt alſo prove it is Rhetorical of my Brothers making, or you do nothing. I know it is Rhetorical; but withal I know it owes that perfection to my ingenuity and induſtry.

Ellog. No wonder indeed, Brother, that both theſe ſhould be needful to the proſelyting of the World, when you need ſo much of the latter to prove the former.

Iro. I humbly conceive, Sir, that your Brother, Prince *Eclogus*, does not ſo much want either

ther induſtry or ingenuity of his own, as indeed a due ſenſe of yours: the former he cannot want, as being your Brother; it is pity he ſhould want the other, as being your younger Brother.

Eclog. I have a great reverence for my Brother, Sir, but I muſt needs have a greater reverence for truth, and for the commands of my dear Father, which let *Pronunciation* himſelf be for ever *dumb*, rather than not execute to the utmoſt of his power: Wherefore, I pray, Sir, (if you can ſo far deny your ſelf) tell me truely and plainly any thing, that may tend to my illumination; nay, tho it be to my humiliation, I will gladly hear it.

Tro. I am able in general (Sir) to aſſure you that all the World is turn'd *Tropical* (ſave onely what's become *Figurative*) and that not onely in thoſe babbling things call'd words (for we have made a wide difference between *words* and *things*) but in manners and minds, in practices and principles too. It is no great thing for us now to be maſters of mens tongues (how great ſoever it is reckon'd for them to be maſters of their own, and greater of their Wives) we have ſet up the Dominions of our noble Prince, your Brother, in the very conſtitutions of mens

mens minds, and made their converſations voluntary tributaries thereunto. We have refin'd the World from its ancient rudeneſs and roughneſs, which by ſome Phanatick Philoſophers was ſometime (in favour of of their own moroſe humour) wont to be call'd *Simplicity* and *Plainneſs*; and yet, becauſe they ſhould not grumble for want of their propriety of Speech, we have left the words of the ſame importance ſtill, and are content that it ſhould be the *ſimpleſt* thing in the World to be *plain*. Plain Speech was indeed an adjunct of the illiterate Ages of the World, and ſo was plain dealing (which ſome old faſhion'd People call the ornament of thoſe antique times) but the truth is, they were imperfections neceſſarily adhereing to thoſe unbred Ages of men, which in courſe vaniſhed away under a better education; and now, through the benign influences of our Soveraign Prince *Ellogus*, men not onely ſpeak ingeniouſly and artificially, but live and act, love and hate, buy and ſell, nay eat and drink, ſleep and wake, as artificially as they ſpeak, which his Excellency is pleas'd to call *Tropically* and *Figuratively*.

Eclogus. Come, come, *call a ſpade a ſpade*, diſſemblingly and deceitfully you mean. For my part, I do not intend to patronize honeſty

honeſty no more than you do, (tho upon occaſion I can ſet it off very advantagiouſly, and make a little of it go a great way too, if need be:) but this I aſſert (be it in things good or bad, it matters not) my authority, intereſt and influence is greater in the world than my Brothers is.

Figure. Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, do not think, either by ſlighting honeſty to court us into a neglect of it with your ſelf, or elſe by pretending that you can ſerve the intereſt of it, invidiouſly to intimate to the World that we do not. For *Tropes* and *Figures* do indifferently ſerve the deſigns of Vertue and honeſty, as well as their contraries, as we hope to make evident to you before you go hence. Let your *Excellency* give me leave once for all (upon this occaſion) to animadvert a little lightly upon the popular miſtake; and tho I well know your *Excellency* is a Prince, and not a Perſon of an ordinary Spirit, nay nor an ordinary Prince neither, and conſequently that there is no need of refining and regulating your apprehenſions, as not being groſs nor vulgar; yet in as much as you are the *mouth* of the World, and an Oracle to a great part of it (who attend to nothing but the common rumor) I beg leave to ſuggeſt to your *Excellency*, and

beg

beg the favour of you to *pronounce* it to that part of the World, that depends wholly upon your *Oral Tradition*, that *Tropes* and *Figures* are not in their own nature calculated for the Meridian of Vice and Wickedneſs, but are ſometimes unhappily againſt their wills abuſed to evil ends; an ill luck that ſometimes attends your dear *Voice* and *Geſture* as well as us. Phraſes of diſſimulation and deceit make a great noiſe in the World, but indeed it is only a noiſe, for the ſame artifice runs throughout the practices of the beſt and wiſeſt men, tho not by the ſame name. And theſe do beguile the ſullen minds of men into good ſentiments and laudable actions, as well as others do betray the unwary minds of men into errors and exorbitances. Nay it is evident that *Tropes* and *Figures* are more uſeful (I wiſh I could ſay more us'd) for the inſtructing and informing of men, than for the ſeducing and debauching of them. If Antiquity had not underſtood the notion of a *dolus bonus*, they would never have made ſo much uſe of the Phraſe of a *dolus malus* as they have done; and if diſſimulation had not been capable of a good interpretation, the Prince of Latine Poets would never have made it a Competitor with Valour in his.

Do-

Dolus an virtus, quis in hoſte requirit.

I will not ſo far diſparage your *Excellencies* generouſneſs of ſpirit, as to ſay, that by this I endeavour to remove thoſe ungrounded prejudices againſt us, which, I know, you have not: but I humbly deſire to prepare your ear to give the more free admiſſion to the arguments and pleas, which our Sons will offer to you, for the fuller dilucidation and confirmation of this matter.

Eclog. Enough, enough, my Lord; I wiſh you no worſe, than that your Sons, that you ſpeak of, may ſhew but half ſo much *reaſon* as you have done *Wit*, and I ſhall have a better opinion of you all than ever I had yet. I pray, call in ſome of theſe Gentlemen, that I may ſee (if poſſible) ſome part of the pretences *made good* which I hear *made*.

Ellog. I pray, Couſin *Trope*, call in ſome few of the young Gentlemen, that my Brother may pleaſe to *ſee*, what, I perceive, he is ſo much pain'd to hear.

Tro. Your *Excellency* may pleaſe to call in all my Sons. You know I have but four: but thoſe are as many as the corners of the Earth, which I am ſure they have viſited and ſubdu'd.

Ellog. Go *Invention*, call in hither Mounſieur

sieur *Metonimy*, *Irony*, *Metaphor*, and *Synecdoche*.

Invent. These are very hard names and't please your *Excelleney*: I can better call them by the names of the four parts of the World, *Asia*, *Affrica*, *Europa*, and *America*.

Ellog. Sirrah, they do not know themselves by those names.

Invent. Why then if it please your *Excellency* (I perceive it comes all to one) I will call them by the names of the four quarters of the Heavens, *East*, *West*, *North* and *South*.

Eclog. I perceive, Brother, that what your Gentleman wants in memory and pronunciation, he hath in invention.

Ellog. I, I, the Knave hath not his name for nothing. But I'le try his memory for once. Go Sirrah, call in those four Gentlemen by their proper names.

Invent. Nay, if they be *proper* Gentlemen, I shall know them by their Stature sooner than by their names. [*Exit.*

Eclog. I pray, my Lord, by your command contract them as much as the nature of *Tropes* are capable of: not that I fear the power of their arguments, but (as you use to say when you have no more to say) least the day should fail us.

Tro.

Tro. You do not need to fear, Sir, but that you shall be run down fast enough with them. And to convince you of their expedition and zeal, they do present themselves to you, at this short warning.

Enter Metonymy, Irony, Metaphor, *and* Synecdoche.

Ellog. You are welcome, Gentlemen: I perceive you are my cousins *Tropes* Sons, who have been imploy'd all the World over in my service. For my own satisfaction, and my Brothers conviction, I shall be pleas'd to hear some short account of some few of the most signal Conquests you have made for me in your several expeditions.

Meton. In as much as your *Excellency* doth limit us to a short account, it must needs be but of a few Conquests; for an account of all would be very *long*, or rather indeed *round*, for it would have no end: and what is most signal, where every thing is signal, it is hard to say.

Eclog. It will prove troublesome. I doubt to this Gentleman, to make an end; for he knows not where to begin.

Meton. If it please you, Sir, nay, tho it do not please you, I am *Metonimy*.

Eclog. You are *Metonimy*, and what then, I pray, Sir? Is it ſuch a wonderful exploit that your name is *Metonimy?*

Meton. Yes, Sir, for me to keep my name and be *Metonimy*, when all the reſt of the World have no name, but what I pleaſe to give them, is (as the impoſition of names has alwayes been accounted) no ſmall argument of my authority. I am the great *Nomenclator* of the World: if I pleaſe to put the *cauſe* for the *effect*, or the *effect* for the *cauſe*; the *Subject* for the *Adjunct*, or the *Adjunct* for the *Subject*; ſo they muſt ſtand; and if I pleaſe to uſe the contrary method, they muſt again ſtand to that too. If my modeſty were not as great as my authority, I could call Prince *Pronunciation*, *Lip-labour*, his Daughter *Voice*, *ſound*, and perhaps *empty ſound* too, and your Son *Geſture* an errand *Scrub*.

Eclog. A rare piece of skill indeed! And cannot I call you an errand Knave too, Sir, and that without the help of a *Metonimy?*

Meton. No, Sir, it muſt be by a Metonimy of the Adjunct, [*he ſtands cloſe by him.* if you do. But Sir, not to inſiſt upon any thing that is not ſignal (as my excellent Prince hath commanded me) my power lies leaſt in name. I have Metonimiz'd the World indeed

indeed. It is by a real Metonimy that men of devout and refin'd minds diſcern the *Creator*, where others ſee nothing but the *Creature*; that *Idolatrous*, and covetous, and proud men, put the *Creature* in room of the *Creator*; that all *Hypocrites* preſent us with the *ſign* inſtead of the *thing ſignifi'd*; that all *Lawyers* ſeek themſelves inſtead of their Client; and indeed in all ill-order'd Common-wealths, that true *Subjects* arereſpected as *Adjuncts*, and meer *Adjuncts* are embrac'd as the beſt *Subjects*.

Tro. Enough, enough, Son; it is plain the World hath but two parts, good men and bad, and I ſee you have got them both: what would you deſire more? Nay, leaſt the Hypocrites ſhould eſcape, who ſeem to be a medlye of both, I ſee you have got them too. And now Prince *Eclogus*, if you can ſhew him a man, that is neither good nor bad nor both, nor neither, he ſhall confeſs him to be an Alien to his Dominions.

Eclog. Well, I'm glad to hear all this; becauſe I know this muſt needs be all. Now theſe ſilly Gentlemen, muſt be fain to anſwer as poor *Æſop* did, that he could do nothing, becauſe the other bragging ſlaves had left him nothing to do.

Irony. Nay, Sir, here lies our excel-

cy, that every man of us does all.

Eclog. How, Sir, every one does, all? Then you do the ſame thing over again, I preſume, one after another. As for example, when Mr. *Metonimy* has kill'd a dog, you come and hang him.

Irony. And is that the wiſeſt inſtance your *Excellency* can give? As if men could not be firſt kill'd and then hang'd. It is very uſuall, Sir, and in ſome caſes al-a-mode to hang up men after they are dead: and that hanging is by my device, and therefore it is call'd *Ironical.*

Eclog. Are you that ſlearing Youth, that has done me ſo much miſchief by counterfeiting my Daughter *Voice* and my Son *Geſture*, whereby you have many a time endanger'd their reputation?

Iron. I doubt, you ſpeak *Ironically*, Sir: you mean that it doth endanger my reputation to counterfeit them. For I do not think there is any perſon in the World (under my noble Soveraign Prince *Ellogus*) to whom more honour is of right belonging than to *Irony.* Sure I am, that both your Daughter *Voice*, and your Son *Geſture* would be very plain and homely things, were it not for ſome *Ironical* diſſimulation which they have borrow'd of me.

Eclog.

Eclog. How man? They borrow of Thee?

Iron. Yes, Sir, they borrow of me; for certainly there can be no Oratory without diſſimulation. The lively repreſentations which either *Orators* or *Poets* do make, whereby they ſo wonderfully affect the minds of men; what are they but purely *Ironical?* If I did not ſpirit them, *Voice* would be a pittiful *Babble*, and *Geſture* a miſerable *Geſticulation.* But what do I ſpeak of them two? The whole World would be a rude lump if I did not form it. That precious Youth that goes by the plauſible title of *Honeſty*, *Plain dealing*, and I know not what, would ſoon make a Fool of his work, and reduce the World to a pittiful beggarly paſs, if I ſhould ſuffer him. But, I think, that I have matcht him pretty well: for I will undertake that I have got an hundred Subjects to his one. All that write not as they ſpeak, all that ſpeak not as they think, all that think not according to truth, all that intend not as they pretend, all that practiſe not as they profeſs, all that look one way and row another, are my Subjects.

Eclog. I perceive then all the Knaves in the World are yours, Sir.

Iron. I Sir, and ſo would all the reſt be too, if they were not Fools: For diſſimulation

and deceit are as neceſſary to the practice of *Vertue* as to the propagation of *Vice*. Can any man wiſely manage the office of a *King*, a *Captain* or a *Maſter* of any kind, that does not ſometime pretend to a diſpleaſure, which he has not really conceiv'd, aſſume a ſeverity which is not really in his nature, and wink at a fault which yet he ſees plain enough? What are all *Policies* in States, *Diſputations* in Schools, *Stratagems* in War, but ſo many uſeful and laudable diſſimulations?

Eclog. Well, I perceive, there is nothing but deceit in the World.

Iron. Nothing, Sir.

Eclog. Then I conclude, that you have ſpoke deceitfully whatever you have ſpoke all this while.

Iron. And I, that yours is a deceitful concluſion.

Metaph. Nay, not plain deceit, Sir, but ſomewhat like it. Whatever is not *Ironical* is *Metaphorical* at leaſt.

Ellog. O good, Mounſieur *Metaphor*; I have heard of your great induſtry and good ſucceſs in my Service: I pray, give my Brother a brief Narrative of your Achievements.

Metaph. Nihil eſt in rerum natura unde ſimile

ſimile duci non poteſt, indidemque ideo & Metaphora.

Eclog. This is ſhort indeed, but it's as thick as it is long. I pray, Sir, may not one *Metaphorically* call it a *Bag-pudding Narrative.*

Metaph. I confeſs, Sir, one may ſooner find a *Metaphor* than an *Irony* in a Bag-pudding; for in them, they ſay, there is no deceit. But, Sir, if I ſhould open the *Floud-gates* of my mouth, and allow a free courſe to the *Stream* of my Oration, I ſhould ſooner make the *channel* of your ears to *run over*, than the *Abyſs* of my memory would be *Exhauſted.*

Eclog. Nay, good Mounſieur, don't drown us, it is enough to bedew us a little with ſome ſprinklings of your Atchievements.

Metaph. I will not deſcend to particulars then. There is nothing New in the World: whatever is bears ſome reſemblance, ſimilitude, relation or alluſion to what has been formerly; ſo that the preſent World is meerly *Metaphorical.*

The whole life of man is rather alluſive than real. *Kings* and their Governments, *Magiſtrates* and their Laws are nothing, but an alluſion to a *ſuperiour Monarchy* and *Legiſlation*: all inferiour *Dominations* are an alluſion to them. The *Preachers* uſe more al-

luſion

ſions than proofs, and the people are even with them; for the beſt of their practice is rather an *alluſion* than a *Conformity* to their Doctrine. The pleaſure, the eaſe, the reſt, the honour, the ſatisfaction that men not well in their Wits, either purſue or pretend to, is only a ſemblance of thoſe things, and ſo, poor Fools, miſſing the ſubſtance, are glad to embrace the ſhadow. All *Vertues* are inquir'd by a *Metaphorical* imitation, and all *Diſeaſes* and *Vices* contracted by a *Metaphorical* infection.

Eclog. Are not the *Devil* and the *Collier* Metaphorical too? For, I perceive, *like* to *like* is all your note. But there is ſtill another Gentleman, that looks as if he would do no leſs than every thing, and were at leaſt Maſter of the World too.

Synec. And ſo may you too, Sir, if you will act under me; for tho you poſſeſs never ſo ſmall a part of it, you ſhall preſently be entitl'd to the whole.

Eclog. This is the cunningeſt trick of all the reſt. I pray, Sir, explain your ſelf a little.

Synec. Sir, I am the famous *Synecdoche*, who whenſoever I pleaſe make a *part* to paſs for the *whole*, and at another time make the *whole* to ſignifie no more than the *part*. By me a ſingle *Monarch* makes himſelf a

multitude

multitude, and the *Parſon* as if he had a *Pariſh* in his belly, cryes *We* at every word. By me a whole Kingdome ſits in *Parliament* at once; and the whole World is in a *general Councel*. I have taught the Ladies to dreſs themſelves, and their Gallants to pay their debts by the ſame *Trope*. By my means the religious poor man poſſeſſeth the whole World, and the covetous Muck-worm loſeth the *whole* for a little *part*. I have taught the *Tradeſ-men* how to thrive, how to gain by one method, and give away by another; and the *Good-fellows* how to Carouſe, to drink by one method and to pay by another. The greateſt happineſs of man upon Earth is *Synecdochical*; and indeed no more is the greateſt miſery. In few words, by me men perform whatſoever they perform devoutly, honeſtly, faithfully, friendly and induſtriouſly.

Eclog. It is too true, Brother; honeſt and vertuous actions are uſually performed by the halves. Nay, I am ſure this Gentleman could tell you of a great deal more, but I perceive, that he remembers himſelf that he is *Synecdoche*.

Synec. But, Sir, if you have a deſire, and the fortitude to hear any more of our Conqueſts, we will ſend in our four principal Capitans

Captains, *Hyperbole*, *Catachreſis*, *Metalepſis*, and *Allegory*, to give you a more particular account of the wonderful things, that they, being commiſſioned by us, have perform'd.

Iron. Nay, nay, Brother, let us wave their ſervices in kindneſs to his Excellencies patience, which certainly the very heads of the Hiſtory of their Acts would utterly exhauſt, I had almoſt ſaid ſtrike *Pronunciation* himſelf dumb, and make Prince *Eclogus* to become *Allogus*.

Eclog. You are a *pitiful* Gentleman, Sir, But however let me at leaſt examine one of them, and by him I may judge of the reſt.

Metaph. Which of your faithful Servants, my Lord, will you pleaſe to command to attend you, who may (like a mighty mountain caſt into it) for ever dam up the mouth of Prince *Eclogus*, and keep him within his banks for the time to come.

Trope. Send in Captain *Hyperbole* firſt; and as he likes him, ſo he may have more of them.

Metonymy, Metaphor, Irony *and* Synecdoche. *Saying, your Excellencies moſt humble Servants.*

[Exeunt. *Ellog.*

Ellog. Farewel honeſt Gentlemen. Indeed Coſin *Trope*, I do kindly reſent your loyal diſpoſition towards me, and I cannot forbear to tell you ſo, I do ſo plainly diſcern it in the worthy exploits of theſe Gentlemen your Sons, who owe what they have to the educations you have given them.

Trope. I humbly thank your *Excellency*, (moſt noble Prince) for your acceptance of mine or their ſervices; but I beg leave to profeſs to your *Excellency*, that how great ſoever the ſervices are, which my Sons have perform'd for you, I do account it a diſparagement to my loyalty, that it ſhould be meaſur'd by them: for I do aſſure your *Excellency*, it is as much greater than what their ſervices can expreſs, as it is leſs than what your *Excellencies* merits do exact.

Ellog. I thank you, good Coſin, for your hearty affections.

Enter Hyperbole.

Eclog. For his Rhetorical Profeſſion you mean Brother. But is this Captain *Hyperbole*, I pray, Sir, that you ſpeak of?

Tro. Yes, Sir, this is that right truſty Servant of my Son *Metaphor* (tho indeed he is very ſerviceable to all my Sons) whom e-

very

very man that knows ſubmits to, and there is no man that knows him not.

Eclog. I doubt your Lordſhip is beholden to him for the character you give of him.

Hyper. He is my right noble Lord, Sir, whom under his *Excellency*, my Soveraign Prince, I ſerve and honour, I will not ſtick to ſay I honour by ſerving as truely, if not as much, as his ſervice honours me. But that his Lordſhip ſhould be beholden to me for any thing, is a note above *Elah*, and a ſtrain beyond the reach of *Hyperbole* himſelf.

Eclog. I thought, Captain, by the Character that I have heard of you, that nothing had been out of your reach.

Hyperb. Nothing poſſible, Sir; but to give *any* thing to him to whom I owe *all* things is utterly impoſſible. But if you pleaſe, Sir, I will tell you ſome little feats that I can do in the ſervice of my Prince, which neither you nor any of your excellent Breed durſt ever pretend to; beyond what your whining Daughter *Vox* can ſo much as *expreſs*, or your antick Son *Geſture repreſent*. I do as familiarly ſnuff the Moon, as a Student when he is at a loſs doth his tallow-Candle. I take the Stars, and place them here and there in the heads of the Ladies whom I have a mind

to

to make *light*, as ordinarily as——

Eclog. Men put Jewels into Swines snouts.

Hyperb. ——As ordinarily as a Goldsmith gratts a Diamond into a Ring. I take the proud Sun from his lofty perch, and make him Lacquey to my Princes favour, or my Mistresses beauty, as obsequiously as any Spaniel. I make Mountains sneak and shrivle into Mole-hills, and then handle them and dandle them as easily as a School-Boy does his Foot-ball. The loftiest *Cedars* and the hardiest *Oaks* turn into *riding-Rods* in my hands; and if I happen to be thirsty, I make no more of the *Ocean* than you would do of a *Glass of Wine*, and *Ganges* is but like the drops that remain upon a Mans whiskers. If I take a displeasure against *Mankind*, I can turn it into a *Bubble*, and *Womankind* into a *Feather*, and wear the bigger part of the World at once in my Cap.

Eclog. But I hope, Sir, you are not always in this annihilating humour, are you?

Hyperb. Oh no, Sir, I am never more truly my self, than when I exert the benignity of my nature, and deal my bountiful doles to the indigent World. Then, Oh then I convert the *Pebbles* of the Street into so many *Pearls*, and a draught of *Water* into *Nectar*, I make the Poor mans *Wife* and *Children*

dren to be his *Riches*, and the Rich mans *Treasure* to be his *Heaven*. I make the Landlords *acceptance* to be *favour*, the Princes *favour* to be *life*, the Statesmans *adulation* to be profound *Policy*, the Schollars *scantling of Logick* to be *Magick*. I make two or three words of the Preacher (if it be no more than only *Bellarmine thou lyest*) to pass for irrisistible argument, and perfect Orthodoxness; and a little *fierceness* of speech to be *zeal* as hot as fire. Nay if, to my natural benignity, I happen to add a little accidental merriment (as I am frequently dispos'd to be merry) I make the Beggars *lowsing* him under a prick hedge, to be the *gathering* of the fruits of Paradise; his eating of reez'd Bacon, and swinging all day upon a Gate, to be diet and sport fit for a Prince. I make the wanton *glances* of a painted Courtizan to pass for *Enchantments*, her *Eyes* for *Stars* at least, her *smiles* for *celestial* Influences, her *kisses* for *mellifluous* distillations, her *words* for the *Harmony of the Spheres*, and her *Arms* for the *Orbs of Heaven*. Amongst the Country men, I make *Jone* to pass for a *Lady*, and *about at fisty-cuffs* with his Rival, to be no less than a *sacrificing his Life* in his Sweet-hearts service. Amongst the Country women, I make a pot of Ale and a Cake from their Sweet-

hearts

hearts, to pass for an infallible token of true love, and *come thy way my dear Daggle-tail*, for a very indearing *Complement*.

Eclog. These are pretty feats indeed: I doubt Sir, you are some *Hocus-pocus* or *Jack-Pudding*.

Hyperb. Nay these, Sir, are but some few of the lowest instances of my prodigious power. I fashion the very minds and manners of men, as I please. By an *Hyperbolical* overweening (which is vulgarly call'd *ambition*) one man attempts to be *Universal Monarch*, and another *Universal Bishop*; and (which is good Rhetorick, tho some Criticks laugh at it for bad Grammar) one particular Church stiles it self *Catholick*. By an *Hyperbolical* ingenuity the *Foot-Boy* comes to be a *Butler*, the *Butler* comes to be a *Gentleman*, the *Gentleman* comes to be a *Count*. All that raise Estates, and all that are rais'd to Honours are my Clients. The Common People are all my Subjects too. What is *swearing*, but an *Hyperbolical* way of *affirming*? What is *stealing* and *cheating* but an Hyperbolical way of *getting* an Estate? What is *Superstition*, but an Hyperbolical way of being *Religious*? The truth is, Sir, I am sprung from the noble Race of the Giants; they were the first *Hyperbolists*, who did *imponere*, Ὄσσῃ βάλλειν,

Pelion, Oſſæ; and at this day it is true of the greateſt part of Mankind, *Cœlum ipſum petunt ſtultitiâ.* The Gigantick *Spirit* is *improv'd*, as much as their *ſtature* is *impair'd.*

Eclog. Really, Brother, this is the beſt bred Gentleman in all your Dominions, and he gives the moſt rational account of his Pedegree, and he ſeems to be a very genuine Offſpring too.

Γηγϵνῶν ἀνδρῶν μιμούμϵνος ἔργα γιγάντων.

Hyperb. I, Sir, that was ſpoke like Prince *Eclogus.* But if you pleaſe, Sir, that I ſhall call in my Brother *Catachreſis* you ſhall find that there are more of the Breed of the Giants in our Princes Dominions than one *Hyperbole.*

Ellog. No, no Captain, your ſingle Manhood is enough to win the day. My Brother has as good as given it me already.

Eclog. Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, let my Lord *La Figure* have the leave to declare ſome part of the ſervices that he has done in your Dominions; otherwiſe I ſhall neither have the ſatisfaction I *deſire*, nor he the honour that he *deſerves.*

Ellog. Well for over meaſure then Coſin *Figure*, I pray, call in ſome few of your numerous Iſſue; that my Brother may ſee we rather want worlds to conquer than Forces to conquer them.

Fi-

Fig. Your Excellencies know I have Children by two Wives, by your *Excellencies* Kinſwoman, Madam *Sententia*, and by Prince *Eclogus* his Kinſwoman, the Lady *Dictio*: and I have no leſs than a Troop of each ſort. Whether of the two ſorts, or which of either of them does your *Excellency* pleaſe to command into your preſence?

Ellog. Of both ſorts ſome, Good Coſin: tho indeed it is pity any thing ſhould be left out that proceeds from ſuch noble Parents; it cannot be, but that *fortes creantur fortibus.*

Fig. I humbly thank your Excellency for your good Opinion of them, and for the kind reflection you make upon your moſt humble Servant. I preſume a few of each ſort will ſerve for the conviction of Prince *Eclogus*, tho I am ready to call them all in, if it may make for his *Excellencies* better ſatisfaction.

Eclog. I am already ſatisfied, Sir, that I ſhall, by a hearing of a few of them ſpeak, be convinc'd, what an impertinent trifling ſort of Whifflers all the reſt are. Conſult your Maſters Intereſt and your own Credit more than my ſatisfaction, I pray, Sir.

Fig. If it pleaſe your Excellency I will go and call in my Son *Prolepſis*, the eldeſt that

I have living by that fruitful Lady, Madam *Sententia.* [*He offers to go out.*

Ellog. Nay, nay, Coſin, do not you ſtir, let *Invention* call him in Go your way, Sirrah, and call Mounſieur *Prolepſis* hither.

Enter Prolepſis.

Inven. I do not well know him, Sir; but ſure this Gentleman muſt needs be he: for he comes without calling for.

Prolep. If in any thing I be *Prolepſis*, Sir, it is in preſaging and preperforming your *Excellencies* commands. Neither let Prince *Eclogus* ſay it is ill manners, for nothing is manners, but what we make ſo. And ſuppoſe it were not ſo courtly as might be imagin'd, yet *Faithfulneſs* muſt be allow'd to take place of *mannerlineſs* at any time.

Eclog. This Gentleman has a peculiar knack; he can tell his own Story, and his Antagoniſts too. I perceive you are *Prolepſis*, Sir, I pray, what are you good for?

Prolep. I perceive you are a little *Proleptically* given too; for in ſo ſaying you preſume that I am good: for he that is not good, cannot be good for any thing. I am that *Figure*, Sir, by whom Men warily foreſee, and foreſeeing baffle the Arguments of their

their Adverſaries. And what can make more for the Rhetorical Dominions than to confute men at a Diſtance, and conquer them before we come at them. You have heard, I preſume, what multitudes the *Prieſts* and *Jeſuits* have of late years converted and confirm'd: all which they owe wholly to me, who have taught them a trick that they may ſit at home and confute the *Hereticks*, that are a thouſand miles off, as effectually as if they were diſputing with them hand to hand. They ſhall firſt make the *Hereticks* ſpeak what themſelves pleaſe, and then immediately confute what they ſay. And I have begun to inſtruct the *Hereticks* to fight them at their own weapons: Some of the more tractable young Fry frame very handſomely, firſt calling the *Pope* Antichriſt, and then thundering him with more *Anathema*'s than ever he himſelf decreed. Do not they deal very candidly and generouſly too, when they allow their Adverſary all the advantage he can pretend to, and *give the Devil his due*: But perhaps our Adverſaries will ſay thus and thus: and, I pray, what will they ſay? you may be ſure nothing but what themſelves are well prepar'd before to anſwer. They will raiſe no Devil but what they are ſure they can lay again. There

is no *Diſeaſe* ſo Epidemical, as the Itch of diſputing; and amongſt Diſputants no method more modiſh, and indeed more ſucceſsful (for he that diſputes *Proleptically* is alwayes ſure to beat his Adverſary) than to allow their Adverſaries no weapons, but what are of their own making; and themſelves have firſt tried the invalidity of. But this is not all, no nor the greateſt neither that I perform. Men do generally live and act, as well as ſpeak *Proleptically*. All *wiſe* Men foreſee *dangers*, and prevent them; all *good* men foreſee *Temptations* to evil and avoid them; the ingenious *Phyſitian* foreſees the too ſudden recovery of his Patient, and knowing, that health as well as wit is never ought except it be dear bought, wiſely retards the over haſty cure, and keeps him long ill, that when he is once recover'd he may be long well. The Segacious *Lawyer* foreſees the dangerous and diſadvantagious agreement that his Client is like to make with his Adverſary, and therefore prolongs his ſuit a Term, or two, or ten, or twenty, wiſely conſidering, that of two evils, he ought to chooſe the leaſt. The prudent *Merchant* gravely conſiders the dangerous ſcarcity that is like to be of ſuch or ſuch commodities; and therefore to prevent

vent a publick Calamity, buyes up and keeps up all that he can lay his hands on, till there be a convenient ſeaſon to vend them, and that the exigencies of the people do require. By the ſame *Proleptick* prudence the *Husbandman* locks up his Barn-doors, that he may have wherewith to defend the world from dearth; nay ſome are ſo charitable as to foreſtal the Markets, for fear they ſhould be ſurfeited. They talk of ſome men being covetous, when, alas, it is nothing elſe but a *Proleptick* care to prevent that ill lookt thing, call'd Poverty. They talk of others being Prodigal and profuſe, when indeed it is no ſuch thing; but theſe politick heads foreſee the many evil conſequences of Eſtates and Legacies left amongſt friends; and therefore by a *Proleptick* prudence they become their own *Executors*. What ſhall I ſay concerning the *Proleptick* policy of Souldiers——

Fig. I, I Son, that run into the Wars *abroad* to prevent the miſchief of being deſervedly hang'd *at home*. But enough of this Son. I preſume Prince *Eclogus* is convinc'd that you have obtain'd a vaſt dominion in this world. Send in your Brother *Anacenoſis*; lets have a word or two with him.

[*Exit* Prolepſis.

Eclog. I am convinc'd that there is a great

deal of Kavery in the World, and that your Son, *Prolepſis*, is a great cauſe of it.

Enter Anacenoſis.

Fig. If he be a cauſe of it, Sir, it is only by accident, for men may act vertuouſly by the ſame ingenuity as they commit vice, if they will. But here is another of my Sons, Sir, not leſs victorious, tho ſomewhat leſs confident than the former.

Eclog. Who are you, Sir, I pray, or what ſmall ſervices can you pretend to have done for your Prince?

Anacen. My name is *Anacenoſis*: But I pretend to have done no ſmall ſervice for my Prince. I am that *Figure* by whom, when men can ſay nothing directly in their own defence, they modeſtly appeal to their Judge, or to the Conſcience of their Adverſary, or to the Practices of other Men: by which means they alwayes excuſe themſelves, and ſometimes devolve all the guilt and *odium*, upon another, perhaps the Adverſary himſelf. In a bad Cauſe it is impoſſible to uſe good and ſound arguments; but it is eaſie and plauſible to appeal to another mans Conſcience or Practice: and there is this conveniency in it, that altho at firſt men uſe

uſe it only for a ſhift, yet at length they find an effectual relief by it, and fancy that they are juſtifi'd thereby. I have inſtructed the *Ladies of Pleaſure* to appeal to their Reprover, and inſtead of anſwering for themſelves, ask, what would you your ſelf have done, if you had been allur'd by the like opportunity, and aſſaulted by the like importunity as I was? I have taught the bold *Swearer* to ſtop the mouth of his ſcrupulous Cenſurer, with an, *Oh Sir*, you will not ſwear, but you will lie heavily; tho it may be he lies moſt of all in ſaying ſo. Reprove the *Paſſionate* or *Revengeful* Perſon, he appeals preſently to humane Nature, and conſequently to your ſelf; asking you whether fleſh and blood was able to bear ſuch provocations and affronts? Every idle *Beggar* thinks to eſcape by appealing to your ſelf, whether it is not better to beg than to ſteal; tho for his part he makes no more Conſcience of the one than he does of the other. Neither am I leſs powerful in faſhioning the minds of men, than in forming their excuſes: for where one man ſtands to examine his own Conſcience, a thouſand compare themſelves with others: ſo much eaſier and pleaſanter it is to judge other men than our ſelves.

Eclog. That's too evident, you need not ſtand

ſtand to give inſtances of it. I am convinc'd that you have propagated your Princes Dominions very much; but methinks you have not much advanc'd his honour.

Anacen. You are a noble Prince your ſelf, Sir, I appeal to you, and all the Princes upon the Earth, whether you will not ſtretch your Conſcience to extend your Dominions, and wholly neglect all government of your ſelf to obtain the Government of all the World beſides. [*Exit* Anacenoſis.

Fig. It's a ſhrewd Dilemma, Sir, to be brought to this ſtrait, that a man ſhall either not know what to anſwer, or if he do anſwer, to let all the World know what he is. *Invention*, call my honeſt Son, *Gnome* hither: I doubt not but his Excellency will be much taken with him.

Invent. Your honeſt Son, Sir, I doubt *Invention* himſelf can't find him; but if it pleaſe your Honour, I'le try my skill.

Fig. Yes, yes, I command him to wait upon me. I'm ſure he is ready at hand. Your *Excellency* will pleaſe to expect no Courtſhip from him; he is a plain honeſt Gentleman as lives.

Enter Gnome.

Eclog. I like him the better for thoſe things;

things; but I like thoſe things never the better for being commended by my Lord *La Figure.* I doubt they will prove but *figurative* in him. I preſume this is the Gentleman.

Gno. My name is *Gnome*, Sir, my way of propagating my Princes Dominions, is by a grave and naked propounding of the undoubted Maxims of Divinity, Morality, Policy or Philoſophy, never concerning my ſelf to make any application at all, which with ſome tempers works more effectually than a world of pragmatical Babble. I am an utter ſtranger to my Kinſmen the *Tropes*, and indeed very unlike to all my Brethren the *Figures.* I invent nothing, adorn nothing, apply nothing, but nakedly propound what is ſolid and uſeful; whereby I do tacitely appeal to the Reaſons and Judgements of Men, and do frequently obtain the conſent of a Party I have in Mens own Breaſts, and gain the moſt ingenuous part of the World. The more ingenuous and rational part of the World *need not*, and the reſt are generally ſo proud that they *love not* to be argu'd, and drawn, and driven into compliance. If men have eyes in their heads the Sun inlightens them (without the uſe of any arguments) by the meer diſplaying of his beams; if they have none, all the argu-

arguments in the world will not make them ſee. Nay the very uſing of many words, the forming of many arguments, and making a great deal of do in affectionate application, do ordinarily hinder Truth, that it cannot prevail. For by theſe means, either the wity part of men come to have ſomething ſuggeſted, which they preſently form into objections, and think themſelves Conquerors, if they can but find any thing to maintain the diſcourſe; or at leaſt the jealous part of men take occaſion to ſuggeſt, that they ſhall be impos'd upon, and account Truth it ſelf, if it come accidentally fortifi'd or adorn'd, to be nothing elſe but an Artifice.

Eclog. I perceive, Sir, your Art is to uſe no Art at all. But what have you avail'd, Sir, I pray, by this inartificial Art?

Gno. I have ſo far avail'd, Sir, that moſt of the wiſe and wary Counſellors of the Age are my Proſelytes: and by me even thoſe that want wit, or confidence, or the gift of tongues ſeem as wiſe as any other men. And this, I hope, is ſomething; to have made all Wiſemen and Fools my followers. But my greateſt glory lies in making Men to live *Gnomically*, as all juſt and righteous men do, who by keeping their words, make good

good their Bargains, paying their Debts, and ſuch like things, do moſt effectually confute and baffle iniquity out of the World. Let the principle be what it will it matters not; let men live thus *Gnomically*, and I will undertake one *Quaker* ſhall both have more credit, and make more Converts than an hundred *Metonimical* Divines, or *Metaphorical* Philoſophers.

Ellog. Do not reflect upon the *Tropes*, Sir, they are my faithful Servants. I ſhould have a ſcant Dominion, if I ſhould be the Prince of ingenious Subjects only.

Gno. *Stulto intelligens quid intereſt!* [*Exit.*

Ellog. This is a ſlie youth, and, I believe, has done me conſiderable ſervice; but I do not very well like his method. Call in *Noeme* hither, he has done me as much ſervice, I believe, in a quite different method.

Eclog. I perceive that even plainneſs it ſelf is *Figurative*. At this rate you may well pretend to the greateſt part of the World.

Enter Noeme.

And are you of the ſame Profeſſion with your Brother *Gnome*, I pray, Sir?

No. Of the ſame general Profeſſion, Sir,

to

to propagate the Dominions of our moſt noble Prince *Ellogus*; but my method is very diverſe from his. My way is to apply and accommodate every good general Maxim that I light on, to what particular perſons or purpoſes I pleaſe: and, I believe, my *Alluſions* do obtain more in the World than his naked *Propoſitions*. The very *Gnomical* oſtentation of *naked Breaſts* and *ſhoulders* do's here and there take effectually, to wit, with the more prompt and ingenious *Amoriſts*; but the *Noemical* and alluſive *glances* and *geſtures* do enflame the moſt frigid, and ſtorm the moſt rigid conſtitutions. I have taught the unwary, venturous, cenſorious, *Zelots*, when they have got a good general Maxime by the end, to apply it hither and thither, as they pleaſe, and to make both as bad uſe of it, and as bad work with it, as if it were the moſt miſchievous and Machiavillian Principiple. There is nothing ſo ſound, nothing ſo ſacred, but by a cleanly accommodation, ſhall be either made to patronize *Tyranny* or *Rebellion*, *Oppreſſion* or *Sedition*, or what other *Vice* you pleaſe; or elſe condemn *Vertue*, againſt which an Argument would be aſham'd to appear. The judgement of vulgar men is not to be truſted with the interpretation or application of ſolid Maxims; but

but give them an *Noemical* hint, though you only ſeem to do it *Ironically* (which I take to be the greateſt *Irony* of all) and you preſently to captivate their apprehenſions, and lead them whither you pleaſe. Your Excellencies patience will not permit me to give inſtances of this kind, neither indeed need I: for the greateſt part of the World is an inſtance of *Noemical* living. What are the manners of the greateſt part of men, but *Alluſions* to great men? Men do not only diſcourſe it one to another; but argue it in their own Breaſts, that the manners of great men (who are as if it were the ſtanding Maximes of the World) ought to be accommodated by way of favour to themſelves. Divines talk of *Alluſions*, and Stateſ-men of *Accommodation*, but there are none ſo like to take as theſe that are *Noemical.*

Fig. Enough, enough, Son, make not your matters too plain, leaſt you be thought to go beyond the bound of a meer *Alluſion:* Tell your Brother *Etiologie*, I would ſpeak with him. [*Exit* Noeme.

Eclog. You have a company of pretty briſk Sons, my Lord; they have wit enough; it is pity but they made uſe of it the right way.

Enter

Enter Etiologic.

Fig. The right way is to propagate our Princes Intereſt, and to make the World *Figurative*, whether it be by right or by wrong. But this Gentleman will pleaſe you, I hope, for he alwayes proceeds according to right.

Eclog. I wiſh his *rightneſs* proves not *Figurative*, as the others *plainneſs* did.

Etiol. A Son of the illuſtrious Lord *La Figure* I am, Sir, but not a *Figurative* Son. I am he, who have taught men to ſubjoyn a reaſon, and aſſign a cauſe of their words and actions: and therefore muſt needs be allow'd to be one of the beſt Friends to humane Society.

Eclog. If that be your profeſſion, I doubt you have done your Prince but little ſervice by it, you have made him but few Subjects, for I cannot meet with one Man of an hundred of whoſe words or actions any reaſon is to be given.

Etiol. It is no matter for that, Sir, I have taught them to give one howſoever. Poſſibly, Sir, you may think I have not ſo many Clients in the world, as ſome of my Brothers have; but then if you conſider their *Quality*, it may well vie with, yea and eaſily out-

outvie their *number*. I go into Princes Courts and Councils, and Cloſets, and Bed-Chambers too, and there I give a reaſon that may be indifferently apply'd (by my ingenuity) to any action of life or method of governing whatſoever, *Sic volo, ſic jubeo, ſtat pro ratione*—— I am the greateſt *Virtuoſo* alive: for neither the *Phyloſophy-Schools*, nor the *Royal-Society* are ever at a loſs, if I be there with my *Occult Quality*. The *Phyſitian*, tho he ſhould happen to kill ten men where he cures one, ſhall yet act very rationally by the *different Conſtitutions*. I have taught the *Grammarians* a way, that they ſhall never be baffl'd, and they have taught ſome of the *Pulpit-men* to be almoſt as infallible as themſelves, (for they have the firſt forming of them) to ſhew a *reaſon true or falſe*. Of the mighty Armies of Souldiers that I have, both Foot and Horſe, fighting all the World over, for the ſubſtantial reaſon of *eight pence* or *half a Crown a day*. The reaſonableneſs of the Female Sex was indeed for ſome Ages controverted; but I have now made them to paſs for rational Creatures like other folk: by ſuggeſting to them that moſt ingenious reaſon of, *Becauſe it is*.

Eclog. I doubt you will not be content with *Quality*, you will pretend to the greateſt

Quantity too by and by: for if all men be the Womens (as, they ſay, it is going to come to that) and all the Women yours, you will leave me but a few Subjects. But, I hope, my Daughter *Vox* will tent you for that.

Etiol. I will leave your Daughter *Vox* to rule their Tongues, Sir, for indeed no body but ſhe can rule them; But, I am ſure, I ſhall have the government of their wills and reaſons. I am loath to trouble your patience with thoſe many leſſer victories that I have obtain'd, by which indeed I have ſubdu'd the whole World, inſomuch, that even all *Traytors*, *Whores*, *Knaves*, *Theives*, *Hereticks*, and *Schiſmaticks* (which will prove a vaſt number, if your Excellency will pleaſe to be at the pains to count them) are my Clients; and by me paſs for people either *honeſt* or *excuſable* at leaſt. By me the poor *School-Boy* ſcapes many a ſcowring, when he cryes he laid his books upon the Desk and it tore. The whining *Pettyfogger* cryes he was not ſufficiently inſtructed in the Caſe; and the peeping *Doctor* will rather ſay the Sick-man eat a piece of a pack-ſaddle, than not aſſign a cauſe of his ſurfeit. By me——

Fig. Hold, hold Son, now you interfere with your Brother *Colon*. Theſe and the like Conqueſts properly belong to him. If your Ex-

Excellency pleaſe to hear more of theſe things, I will call in that young Gentleman, who will ſatisfie you.

Eclog. You had more need to make me ſome ſatisfaction for a *Læſa patientia* in what this Gentleman has ſaid already. I perceive there is nothing ſincere amongſt you all, when even your *plainneſs* is *figurative*, and *rightneſs* it ſelf is *wrong*.

Ellog. No, no Coſin, I will call in your Son *Diatipoſis*. I believe my Brother will fancy him rather.

Etiol. If your *Excellency* pleaſe I will call in my Brother; For I am your *Excellencies* moſt devoted Servant.

Ellog. Do ſo. [*Exit* Etiology. Mounſieur *Etiology* is ſo uſed to aſſign cauſes, that he cannot do an errand but he will ſhew a reaſon for it.

Enter Diatipoſe.

Eclog. I, true or falſe, as he confeſſeth, but I doubt more falſe than true; and I wiſh this laſt was not one of the firſt ſort. I wiſh this Gentleman, whom you commend to me, prove any better. Where lies your Excellency, I pray, Sir?

Diat. The *Excellency* lies in my Noble

Prince *Ellogus*, Sir, but I have been alſo a notable Inſtrument in propagating the Rhetorical Empire. I teach men ſo to explain things, as if they ſet a draught of them before the eyes of their Auditers, and were rather *Limners* than *Orators*, rather *Painters* than *Preachers*; ſo that (pardon me the expreſſion) you ſhall even ſee what they ſpeak. Hence the *Preachers* (the beſt of Orators) have borrow'd their phraſe which they uſe ſo often, *Do you ſee Friends*, and *Do you ſee Beloved.*

Eclog. It were well indeed, if the Preachers without a Figure would let men *ſee*, what they recommend.

Diat. So all the good ones do, Sir, and therefore do act by me as well as ſpeak. For I have no leſs place in manners than in words. By me the *Lawyers*, thoſe powerful Orators, do verbally open the Caſe, as it ſtands in Law, ſo fully as you ſometimes hear them: which yet (that they may be ſure to make it evident enough) they act over in their practiſes; by which they will teach you many more tricks in Law than by any written *Declaration.* By me all manner of *Tradeſmen* do put you off with bad wares, or ſcant meaſure, or at exceſſive rates ſo lively, that you would verily think (but that

that he ſwears the contrary) that he cheated you. The *High-way Man* borrows mony of you by force upon the Road ſo artificially, that (were there not a Figure in it) you would ſwear he robb'd you. Were it not for me, you would verily think the *Papiſts* committed *Idolatry*, if you ſaw them at their *Image-worſhip.*

Eclog. Well, well, I perceive you are of the ſame Gang Sir, you are for all purpoſes too. Take you one time with another, and, I doubt, you do more hurt than good.

Fig. I perceive your *Excellency* has a mind to cavil, and therefore you are reſolv'd beforehand that nothing ſhall pleaſe you. Send in your Brother *Paradigme* hither; and let him try his skill a little. [*Exit* Diatipoſe.

Enter Paradigme.

Why how now *Paradigme* are you ſo ready?

Parad. And I beſeech your Honour, why ſhould I not expreſs my readineſs in giving a Narrative of what *I have done*, as well as I have alwayes expreſt it in *doing* ſervice for my Prince?

Eclog. In promoting *Vice* I warrant you.

Parad. No, Sir, but in making all things *Vertue* as near as I can, at leaſt in taking

off a great part the viciouſneſs of them. Here is my Catalogue, which I carry about with me continually; wherein I have ſet down all the names of all the wiſe, valiant, faithful, temperate, chaſte, politick, vertuous perſons, of all ages, and of all Nations. Hence I take examples at any time to extirpate the contrary Vices out of the world, ſo much as out of the minds and mouths of Men.

Eclog. This is a pretty project indeed, if it can be perform'd any otherwiſe than *Figuratively.* I pray, Sir, give me an inſtance of your method in ſome vice or other.

Parad. I can only give your *Excellency* an *Idea* of what if you ſaw perform'd you would admire. If I hear a noble Hero, a valiant Prince, a publick Benefactor cenſur'd by the prating people for his freedome and familiar converſe with the pretty females, I take my Catalogue, and turn them preſently to the noble *Herculer*: and when I have deſcrib'd his noble deſcent, his heroical actions, and unparalleld Vertues, I confeſs after all, his ſhameful captivation to the Lady *Omphale*: Whereby I do infallibly obtain one of theſe two things, either to make a *Minion* a greater Monſter than an *Hydra*, or the vice of my Client leſs than it was repreſented. If I hear

hear any clamour made againſt a grave and judicious *Senator* or *Philoſopher*, for a little accidental intemperance three or four times a week or thereabouts; preſently I take and turn them to the ſevere *Cato*, and having magnifi'd his temperance and ſeverity, at laſt confeſſe, that he would have taken a Cup now and then—— *Narratur priſca* Catonis *ſæpe mero caluiſſe virtus.* The ſame charity I have perſwaded all men to exerciſe towards themſelves, and have prevail'd with them ſo far to act *Paradigmatically* in judging their own actions, as that there is not one action in a thouſand, that they can find in their hearts to call vicious; I have given every man living a Copy of my Catalogue, and there is not one in a thouſand ſo very a Dunce, but he can make this vertuous uſe of it, *Fecerunt alii, item boni.*

Eclog. Enough, enough Sir, I ſee how you extirpate vice, by defacing the name, and and ſtrengthening the habit. I thought you were ſome *Figurative* Reformer. I pray, my Lord, If you have no better Sons than theſe, let's have no more of them.

Fig. I know not how to pleaſe you, Sir, ſend in your Brother *Symbole* hither.

[*Exit. Paradigme.*

He is of a quite different humour: I hope

your *Excellency* cannot poſſibly find fault with him too.

Enter Symbole.

Eclog. Here he comes, I ſuppoſe, for he looks like the reſt of them. What, are you a Reformer of Vice too, like your Brother?

Symb. A Reformer of Vice, if it pleaſe your *Excellency*; but not at all like my Brother. I cannot ſay, Sir, that I am ſo happy as quite to extirpate Vice, but this I dare aver, where-ever I obtain; I diminiſh wickneſs and make it far leſs than it was before.

Eclog. Well ſo far is very good: and I pray, Sir, what's your method?

Symb. I carry about with me a Catalogue too continually, a Catalogue of all the moſt notorious vicious profligate perſons that have been in all Ages.

Eclog. Not for imitation, I hope.

Symb. Oh no, Sir, no more than my Brother doth his, but for the leſſening of wickedneſs amongſt men; and whereſoever I have hitherto come and given a Copy of my Catalogue, I have not fail'd to enlarge my Princes Dominions. When I meet with any perſon overwhelm'd either with other mens cenſures, or his own ſenſe of his wickedneſs, I preſently turn him to the example

of

of ſome notorious perſon that has infinitely outdone him; and ſo aggravate that example, that the poor man thereby is very much comforted, and ſcarce appears to be an offender. Thus I leſſen the faults of modern *Whore-Maſters*, by the example of *Sardanapalus* or *Heliogabalus*; of all modern *Tyrants*, by the example of *Nero*; of all petty *Hackneys*, by by the example of *Helena*; of all modern *Traitors*, by the example of *Cataline* and *Cegethus*; and of the moſt ambitious *Uſurpers*, by the example of the renown'd *Alexander*. A copy of this Catalogue I cauſe every man that ſtands in need of comfort to tranſcribe: whereby it ſeldome fails, but that his *mountainous* vices ſubſide gradually, till at length they ſhrink into inconſiderable *mole-hills*, perhaps into indiſcernable *atomes*.

Eclog. Yes, I thought you were ſome ſuch *Figurative* Reformer that leſſen mens apprehenſions of Vice, on purpoſe to maintain them in the perpetuation of it. Never was an Empire propagated by ſuch a company of Jugglers as yours is, Brother. And are theſe the principal Officers that you make uſe of?

Ellog. Theſe are ſome of them, more than you well like of, I perceive. But now

it

it comes into my head, Cosin *Figure*, there is an ingenious brisk Gentleman one of your Sons, that I have somewhere seen, that uses to go with a Catalogue of a very different nature from both these, I think his name is *Antithesis*; I am confident my Brother will like him; he is one of my prime Officers in conquering the sober and vertuous part of the World. I pray send for him hither.

Fig. Bid your Brother *Antithesis* come hither. [*Exit. Symbole.*

He has indeed wonderfully obtain'd amongst musing and melancholick men, who are indeed generally the sobereſt part of mankind.

Enter Antithesis.

Antith. I am come to wait upon your Honour, Sir, what service does your Honour please to command me?

Fig. Nay, no great matter, Son, to what you have perform'd. His *Excellency*, Prince *Eclogus*, desires to know, wherein you have serv'd the Rhetorical Interest, and made any additions to your Princes Dominions, and by what means.

Antithesis *Looks upon his Catalogue and reads.*

Antith. Agamemnon with a mighty Army lay nine

nine years before a ſmall City *Troy* and took it not.

Then he takes another Catalogue out of his boſome and reads.

Antitheſis alone and unarm'd has in one years ſpace reduced ſeveral Kingdomes.

He puts theſe two Catalogues into the ſcales, and his own quite weighs down the other. He ſtands ſilent.

Eclog. And I pray, Sir, what may be the meaning of this myſterious action?

Antith. For the ſatisfaction of a perſon of your Quality, Sir, I will interpret my actions, otherwiſe mine is a dumb Oratory that I uſe. This, Sir, is a Catalogue of all the faults, and follies, and failings of all men that are famous in Story, together with the unhappy event and miſerable iſſue. As for example, here is *Agamemnons* going with a great army, and lying nine years before a City, upon a ſilly Errand, which no wiſe man, nor truely valiant, would ſtep out of doors upon, forſooth, to fight for a Whore; the iſſue was that his own Wife the mean while play'd the Whore at home, becauſe he return'd no ſooner, and when he was returned, knockt him o'th' head for returning at all. In my boſome I carry a Catalogue

logue of my own actions and the ſeveral circumſtances of them; in theſe ſcales I weigh them, one againſt the other, whereby I Judge of my ſelf, amend what's amiſs, avoid the like vices and follies to prevent the like miſerable concluſions: and thus I reap the comfort of my own integrity, and ſetting before my eyes the deformity of Vice, and the ill conſequences of it, encourage my ſelf in Vertue.

Eclog. A good rational way indeed. You ſeem to have more honeſty than your Brother: But, I ſuppoſe, you can't much brag of your ſucceſs.

Antith. My ſucceſs is ſuch, Sir, that I gain the moſt ſerious and conſiderate part of the World, which is the moſt deſirable Conqueſt, and indeed there is ſcarce any thing good in the World, but I have a hand in it more or leſs. I taught the *Lacedemonians* to educate their children ſoberly, and inſtruct them in temperance by ſetting before them the example of a drunken Slave, making a fool and a beaſt of himſelf in his drink. I teach all ingenious Youths to give themſelves induſtriouſly to their ſtudies, by propounding to them the ſhame and puniſhment which the Lads meets with. By the *Antithetical* conſideration of the diſgraces and miſeries

of

of Poverty, I encourage the conſiderate to diligence in their callings, and to frugal living. By me it is the pretty Lady does commend to the World, the whiteneſs and pureneſs of her skin, by the blackneſs of her patches.

Eclog. I thought we ſhould have it at length. I ſee there is not one of you, but ſerves indifferently for the nouriſhment of *Vice* and *Vanity* in the World, as well as *Vertue*.

Enter Digreſſion.

Di. I beſeech your Honour to pardon me, that I give you this interruption.

Fig. What *Digreſſion*? come, come, no body will account you abſurd, that knows you. The excurſions and intruſions which other people make clowniſhly, all the World knows you make artificially. I dare ſay, altho you your ſelf *digreſs* in coming hither, yet that coming hither will be no occaſion of digreſſion to us; for we are diſputing whether any of the *Figures* have contributed any thing to the Rhetorical Dominions. And I doubt not, but that you can contribute ſomething to Prince *Eclogus* his ſatisfaction in this matter.

Di. I confeſs, my Lord, I am the meaneſt

of

of all the ſervants of my noble Prince, but yet I humbly conceive I have gain'd ſome Proſelytes to his *Excellency.* I will tell you a ſtory, my Lord.

Fig. No ſtories, now Son, I pray thee, for we are in great haſte. Only tell us what you have done for your Prince in ſhort, and if it may be without *digreſſion.*

Di. Without *Digreſſion* I can't, Sir, but without unneceſſary extravagation I will. I am that *Figure* by whom men digreſs from the matter in hand to ſomething elſe that ſeems alien to it. In as much as you have charged me with brevity, I will at your command forget my nature, and not tell you how much I avail in verbal Oratory; but inſtance in ſome few things of many, wherein I am a Maſter in Morals alſo. There are indeed a few errand Rogues that never go out of their way; but the beſt ſort of mankind act by me. By me the *Popes Holineſs* gets into *England*, the *French King* into *Flanders*, the *Turk* into *Poland*; and indeed generally all *Conquerours* are what they are, by me: how great a Conquerour am I, then! It were a petty thing to inſtance in the *School-maſters*, who by me remit their conſtant care, and depart from their drudgery ſometime, by indulging to their

their Boyes a liberty of playing, and a little before *Chriſtmas*, of talking idly for an hour or two; or in the *good women*, who leave their *Diſtaff* and *Spindle* now and then, to go a *Goſſipping:* the plain truth, Sir, is, all men live and act by me. The greateſt part of what the wiſeſt and beſt men do, is done *by way* of *digreſſion*: and what the reſt do and live is *digreſſion only*. I cannot indeed ſpeak it without vanity, but it is true, tho I were no *Figure*, that the whole life of man, is a meer *digreſſion* from the buſineſs that he came into the World to perform.

Eclog. Have not you a Brother (I pray) call'd *Tranſgreſſion?*

Di. I confeſs, Sir, I have a Kinſman of that name; but he is from me at this time; I think he is a *Quarter-Maſter* in the *French* or *Confederate* Army, or both, I know not which.

Eclog. But I am ſure you have a Brother, that is call'd *Epanados*, who ſometimes uſes to go along with you, what's become of him?

Di. I dare not brag of him, Sir, for to tell you truely he is almoſt broke, and dare not ſhew his head. He has done little ſervice in the World; onely the Lecturer (good ingenious Soul?) now and then cry,

But

But to return, Sirs; tho it may be they were never in the way at all.

Fig. Well, well, Son, becauſe he is gone abroad call in your Brother *Increment* hither.

Di. I will, Sir, for that's the way of *Digreſſion*: when I have conquer'd all, let who will have the honour of the reſt.

[*Exit. Digreſſion.*

Eclog. I am glad to hear, Brother, that ſome of your *Figures* decay in their reputation. But here comes a Gentleman that ſeems as if he could make up all. What's your character, I pray, Sir?

Enter Increment.

Increm. I am that *Figure*, Sir, whereby men riſe from leſſer and lower degrees ſtill higher and higher. By me men riſe from *Freſh-men* to *Sophiſters*, from thence to *Curates*, from thence to *Parſons*, from thence to *Dignitaries*. Others from *diſcontent* to *preaching*, from thence to *plotting*, from thence to *fighting*, from thence to *killing*, and ſo to *ſucceeding*. And all men that can hit of the knack of it, from *pence* to *ſhillings*, from thence to *pounds*, from thence to *hundreds*, from thence to *thouſands*, from thence to *tens of thouſands*, and ſo on *in infinitum*. All *Lovers* proceed from *hearing* to *ſmelling*, from thence to *ſeeing*, from thence to *touching*, from

from thence to *tasteing* their Mistresses. The spiritual *Tyrants* take away first the *Estates* of the Hereticks, then their *liberty*, then their *lives*; and of their Proselytes, first the *senses*, then the *reason*, then the *faith*. In a word, by me all men grow rich, wise, honourable, vertuous.

Eclog. I, and vicious too, I doubt, Sir, ——*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*

Increm. No, Sir, no man grows vicious by me, by me men onely ascend; but he that grows in vice, grows indeed (as the Country Proverb is) like the tall of a beast, downwards. Men do not *grow up* in wickedness, but *sink into* it; and this they do by my Brother *Decrement*, and not by me.

Eclog. Yet, I warrant, if one could speak with him, he would say, he was as honest a man as you, and as great a Conquerour.

Increm. He is at hand, if it please your *Excellency*, I will call him in

Eclog. I praythee do—— [*Exit. Increment.*

Enter Decrement.

You are Mounsieur *Decrement*, I perceive, Sir: I hope, you cannot have the face to pretend to the *augmentation* of your Princes Empire.

Decrem. My name is *Decrement*, Sir, but tho I am ſo to others, I am not ſo to him: I have been as *Incremental* to his Dominions, as my Brother *Increment* himſelf. By me Kingdomes and Common-wealths, as illuſtrious in the World, as the Sun and Moon in the Heavens, do ſet and wain as well as they. By me great Favorites fall gradually, from the *Cloſet*, then from the *Councel*, then from the *Court*, then from the *City*; and never ceaſe tumbling, till they be even with the ground, and under it to. By me the *Apoſtatizing* part of the World, thoſe *Religious Renegades* fall firſt from *devotion*, then from *ſeriouſneſs*, then from *common honeſty and modeſty*, till at laſt they renounce even *humanity* it ſelf. To make ſhort, Sir, all decaying Families, all breaking Tradeſ-men, all withering Eſtates, all falling Parties are mine: and if theſe be not a ſufficient number to be the Conqueſt of one ſingle *Figure*, I am in a fair way to make them more; for one half of the year is mine, and one half of the Age of Man.

Eclog. This is a ſhrewd *Figure*, my Lord. If you don't take away his *Commiſſion*, he will leave no work for the reſt of your Sons, I doubt. It is a wonder to me that you ſhould have ſo many of them, and *all* Con-

Conquerours *of all.* For, I perceive, the meaneſt of them is content with no leſs Acqueſt than a *World.*

Fig. It is ſtrange, Sir, but you ſee it is true, and if you pleaſe, you ſhall yet ſo ſee it, as that you ſhall be ready to ſwear the Sun it ſelf is leſs viſible than it. Call in hither, *Periphraſe, Ecphoneſs, Apory,* and *Epanorthoſe.* [*Exit. Decrement.*

Eclog. I will have the patience to hear a few more of them: but, I pray, my Lord, charge them to be brief.

Enter Periphraſe, Ecphoneſs, Apory, *and* Epanorthoſe.

Fig. As brief as they can without obſcurity. Is it poſſible for you, Son *Periphraſe,* to declare to Prince *Eclogus,* conciſely and compendiouſly what part of the World you have ſubdu'd to your own Prince?

Periph. I could far more compendouſly and eaſily tell you what I have not, my Lord. But you do not call me to that; his *Excellency* may pleaſe to underſtand that I am that *Figure,* whereby men explain one thing in many words, and by much circumlocution; ſo that at the firſt bluſh, you will diſcern and confeſs that all the *learned part* of the World are mine; the voluminous *School-men,* the

wordy *Doctors*, the loquacious *Lawyers*, the sweet insinuating *Preachers*, and all the tribe of *Phrase-Philosophers*. And not only these, but all the *Trades-men* in City and Country. You would think they told you a hundred lies, when it is nothing but their way of *Periphrasing*; and indeed generally, all *buyers* and *sellers* from the greatest to the least. But this is not all; for the very life of man is *Periphrastical*; that one thing of *eating*, they *Periphrase* by variety of *dishes* like diversity of *Phrases*; that one thing of *drinking* is *Periphrastically* performed over and over again in several sorts of Liquors: they work and play the same business and sports over and over again, only with some different circumstances; and sleep the same sleep for three or fourscore years together, only with different dreams it may be. What is *old age* but *childhood* acted over again with a little enlargement, and under somewhat a duller and graver from? Playing with *pins* and *points*, and counting of *Gold* and *Silver*, are not different things but different ways of acting over the same thing, call'd *childishness*. In a word, the whole World is *Periphrastical*; for these five thousand six hundred and six and twenty years that came last, are nothing but else a periphrase of that first that began the World. *Eclog.*

Eclog. And do you lay claim to all the World too?

Ecphon. To a very considerable part of it, I assure you, Sir, I am that *Figure* whereby men insert *Interjections* (and oh! the vast number and several kinds of them!) into their discourse. This you know, Sir, is the Rhetorick of all *Fools*, admiring what they understand not, of all *Extatick* persons crying out against what they like not, but yet cannot confute: nay sometimes an inarticulate far-fetch'd sigh shall by my authority, be thought to confute the most sinewy argument of an Opponent, and quite silence the otherwise unanswerable objection of a Dissenter. I have gotten the possession of all *Schools*, and *Pulpits*, and *Cabals* of all sorts; and have every where made *Exclamation* to pass for the most ingenious way of *Argumentation*, or rather indeed to hoot it out of the World, as an operose, carnal or contentious thing. But this is not all; I have insinuated my self into the tempers and manners of most men; I have taught the swaggering *Blade* to pay his debts, by an Ecphonetical *pox upon that Cur of an Usurer*; I have taught the poor *Tenant* to pay his Rent, with an affectionate complaint of the *hardness of the times*, or an *Ecphonetical* curse laid upon a *cruel Landlord*. By me

the paſſionate *Lover* in his dumb ſolitude, is ſtill courting his abſent *Idol*; and if ſhe be preſent, and he muſt needs uſe articulate complements, none eaſier to be found, nor likelier to prevail than, *O faciem pulcram! O nova figura oris!*

Eclog. Enough, enough, Sir, I ſee you have got a good ſnip out of the World for your part. What have they left for you, I pray, Sir?

Apory. Enough, Sir, alone to be the Dominions of a mighty Prince. I am, Sir, that *Figure* by whom men, when they are at a great loſs, ſignifie they know not what to ſay or do. And are not the greateſt part of the World in this caſe at this day? The *proud* and *proſperous* part of the World, know not *what they may do* for wantonneſs. The *Univerſal Monarch Elect*, knows not *what to do* with his infinite men, and immenſe treaſures; and the poor *Belgick Piſmires* know not *what to do* to live quietly by him. *Alexander* knew not *what to do* for more Worlds, *Codrus* knew not *what to do* to live in this. Some men know not *what to do* to get *into* debt; others know not *what to do* to get *out*. It's grown ſo *hard* a World, that the *poor* man knows not what to do as to living; and ſo *divided* that the *modeſt*

deſt man knows not *what to do* as to believing. And how many millions of men are either ſo convicted of Vice by their own Conſcience, or ſo convinc'd by the arguments of their Adverſaries that they know not *what to ſay.* The young Fry, the Nurſery of the World, the *School-boys* generally are mine, and this I take to be a conſiderable Dominion of its ſelf: they know not *what to do*, neither; they are very loth to learn, and yet as loth to be whipt; and that Servant of theirs, whom they call *Maſter*, is as much mine as any of they; for all this while he knows no more than his horſe *what to do* with them. The women are mine without exception; the *Maids* know not *what to do* for Husbands, the *Wives* know not *what to do* to get unmarried again.

Eclog. There needs no more, Sir, I perceive, you have got all, men, women and children. Now I would fain hear what will fall to this Gentlemans ſhare.

Epanor. By me, Sir, it is that all men correct themſelves, and retract any thing that they have done or ſaid; ſo that all the honeſt penitents in the World are my Votaries. My Votaries! Pardon me that Phraſe, Sir, I mean my noble Prince, his, whoſe Inſtrument I am for their recovery. Is any thing

acted imprudently, or ſpoken raſhly? By me mens actions are ratified and words recanted, maugre all the oppoſition that has been made againſt me by my inveterate enemy, *Quod factum eſt infectum reddi nequit.*

Eclog. I doubt, Sir, you have little to brag of, if theſe be all you have gain'd.

Epanor. Theſe, Sir, I glory in for their *Quality*, but I have my *Number* alſo, perhaps not inferiour to my Brothers, tho I am not want to brag of them. However, Sir, that you may not reproach me with unprofitableneſs in my Princes ſervice, I will give you the names of ſome other of my Subjects. By the ſame skill differently imploy'd, men retract their retractations, and repent of their repentings. I can diſpence with bargains, promiſes, vows and good words as well as bad ones; and indeed, to ſpeak the truth, the better words are, the fitter they are to be eaten. By me all retrograde and diſſembling *Temporizers* ſhift their Religions, as familiarly as they do their cloaths, fearing to grow lowſie in any: ſwear Allegiance to their Princes, and unſwear it again. By me all *Children* make their Bargains void; *Marriners* make their Vows leſs by nine parts in ten than they made them; nay, as much leſs as a farthing Candle is leſs than the

Maſt

Maſt of a Ship. But to go higher than ſo, a great part of the very *Decrees* of Senates, *Acts* of Parliament, and *Laws* of Kingdomes are of my drawing up: yea, not onely the entertainment of the *Carteſian Philoſophy*, but the very reformation of *Religion* are to be aſcrib'd to my influences.

Eclog. I pray, ſtop, Sir, you have almoſt made me an inſtance of your Victories: I muſt needs confeſs your Votaries are very numerous. Envy it ſelf, my Lord, can't deny but that your children have perform'd wonderful things. Have you any more of them, I pray?

Fig. Oh, Sir! you have not ſeen the tithe of them.

Eclog. But, I hope, they have nothing more to ſay.

Fig. Nothing, Sir? Such a nothing as in compariſon of which, nothing hath been yet ſaid. Call in hither, *Apoſiopeſis*, *Sermocination*, *Proſopope*, and *Sarcaſm*.

} *Exeunt.* Periphraſe, Ecphoneſis, Aporia *and* Epanorthoſis.

Since your *Excellency* is pleaſed to intimate your inclinations, you ſhall only hear theſe a few words, and I will trouble you with no more of this Breed.

Enter

Enter Epoſiopeſis, Sermocination, Proſopope *and* Sarcaſm.

Eclog. Verily, my Lord, a meſs of fine Gentlemen to look upon. I pray, Sir, may I know your name, and imployment, and ſucceſſes in ſhort.

Apoſiop. My name, Sir, is *Apoſiopeſis*, my office to conceal ſome part of a ſentence: but as to my Succeſſes, what tongue——

Eclog. Alaſs, Sir, does the very veiw of your Conqueſts, put you into an *Apoſiopetick* fit?

Apoſiop. And well it may, for I have obtain'd more by concealing a part, than any of my Brothers by ſpeaking all. Oh the rare feats that *mental reſervations* have done dextrouſly manag'd by the ingenious Sons of *Loyola*! Allow them but this liberty (and if you will not, they'l take it) and *diſpute* with them who *dare*, *baffle* them who *can*? It is by me that wiſe men ſtop themſelves in the very carreer of their paſſion, and do not tell you half of what they'l make you feel. I have taught men an Art ſo to buy as that they ſhall never need to pay; it's but ſaying, I will give you ſo much or ſo much for the commodity, but never tell you when; but

but your meaning is at *latter Lammas*, when the *Sea burns*, when you have nothing else to do with your money, or some such thing: and as they buy by me in words, so indeed by me they pay, pay with a *retinentia* as well as buy with a *reticentia*, both by halves. I have taught them an Art so to promise, as never to be bound to perform; just as the young women promise to obey their Husbands, but understand withal so far forth as his commands are *just*; that is, when they come to interpret it, *just* as they would have them; and I do assure you they act as *Aposiopetically* as they promise. By me men sell ingeniously to as well as buy; it's as good as you can use, *subaudi* of the kind, that is, as any that's no better than it: with a thousand more instances of the like nature, which in reverence to your patience I omit. Let me add this one thing, that men live and act by me much more than they speak. I have so far prevail'd, that there is not a compleat action in the World, nor a compleat sentence in any mans life, but all things are done but lamely, and by halves, as *Aposiopesis* hath given your *Excellency* this Narrative.

Eclog. If this be by halves, I shall never desire to have the whole of it. I pray

pray, Sir, give me yours by quarters then.

Sermo. I am that Figure, Sir, by whom men recite the words of another in their diſcourſe. I am that Author of that ingenious Art of *Quotation*, whereby men may ſpeak as much *Hereſie*, *Blaſphemy*, *Treaſon*, as they will, and yet not be guilty of any of theſe. The Author of that pleaſant Divertiſement of *Tale-bearing*, *Detraction*, *Miſpriſſion* and *Miſrepreſentation*: the Author of that profitable Trade of *revealing ſecrets* and *betraying Counſels*. I have taught the *Teachers* themſelves to ſteal a whole Gooſe, feathers and all; and yet this is not felony but a large Quotation; and ſo that paſſes for *Sermonizing*, which is nothing but *Sermocination*. I will add to all this, (if your *Excellency* will pardon the Phraſe) more men live and act *Sermocination* than ſpeak it; *ſeeing* with other mens eyes, *acting* by other mens policy, and *flanting* with other mens wit and money.

Fig. Now, Son, that his Excellency may ſee how Victorious you are, conquer your ſelf.

Sermo. *Sermocination* himſelf grows dumb at your command, Sir.

Fig. Son *Proſopope*, will you give his *Excellency* a little further Divertiſement by ſome few paſſages of your life. *Proſ.*

Proſ. I am that *Figure*, Sir, whereby men act ſome other perſon living or dead. I need not take much pains to diſcover to you, what ſucceſs my pains have had. The very laſt ſyllable in my name is greater than all the names of the Monarchs upon Earth; and I have given him the power to be ſo, by teaching him to act the perſon of one that died ſixteen hundred years ago. I raiſe the dead as familiarly as any *Conjurer*: I make the vileſt *Uſurper* upon earth to paſs for a *Reformer*, the falſeſt *Traytors* to be eſteem'd as faithful *Counſellors*, a meer *Aſs* to paſs for a *Lion*, and a Carrion *Crow* for a *Peacock*; and all this without any change of natures at all: I make a *Fencer* paſs for a ſerious *Dueller*, the miſerable *Churl* for a good *Houſe-keeper*, the rich *Frier* for a very *Mendicant*, and a very *Bankrupt* for a *Gentleman* of good fortune.

Eclog. I pray, Sir, is not your name in Engliſh *Hypocriſie*?

Proſ. Men call me ſo ſometimes, Sir, but alaſs that name is too narrow for my nature. For in one word, all men act over again the lives of other men, and whatever is done in the World is done by *Proſopope*.

Eclog. You may go your way, Sir, you are wholly inſignificant.

Sarcaſm.

Sarcasm. Nay, Sir, not wholly insignificant neither: for tho all things are done by my Brother *Prosopope*, yet many things are done by me too; because the same things are often done by us both.

Eclog. Oh, Sir, now I perceive, the mistery of it: what he doth by words the same you come after and do by blows. I see you are an arm'd Figure, which is a thing strange to see. I thought, my Brothers, Captains had conquer'd only by words.

Sarcasm. So do I, Sir, but they are very sharp ones. I am that *Figure* by whom men insult over any that are miserable; and do pretend to be the most cutting *Figure* of any that are employ'd in my noble Prince his service. Would you *frui pœna*, would you take pleasure in tormenting men, and frame their groans into laughter to your selves? There is no way so effectual as to upbraid them with their misery: and to do it ingeniously (which Art I teach men) still adds to the pleasure.

Elog. You a Figure? You a Monster. What Brother, do you commission *inhumanity* for the gaining of *men*?

Ellog. If he do not give a rational account of himself and his actions, I will call in his Commission, and make him into a *Cipher*, as you phrase it. *Sarcasm.*

Sarcaſm. And at the ſame time depopulate the greateſt part of your Dominions. Do not all *Tyrants* act by me; who take pleaſure to hear the groans and outcries of all thoſe whom they pleaſe to make miſerable? Do not all *military Commanders* act by me; who put their Souldiers upon hard ſervice, and yet they hang them if they run away from it? Do not many *Princes* act by me; who firſt beggar their people, and then go about to perſwade them, that it is neither for their own ſafety nor the Kingdomes, that the Subjects ſhould be rich? Do not all oppreſſing *Landlords* act by me, who firſt make their Tenants unable to pay, and within a moneth after the rent day, ſue them for non-payment? Do not all ill *Tenants* act by me; who firſt beggar their Landlords ground, and then run away from it becauſe it is beggarly; or elſe by idleneſs and ill husbandry grow poor upon the Landlords ground and unable to pay him, and then make the Pariſh, which is in effect their Landlord, to maintain them? Do not the *grave Doctors* (I did not think what a proper Epithete it was till I had ſpoke it) act by me; when they firſt kill men, and then demand a Legacy of their Executors for ſo doing? Do not the *Lawyers* act by

me;

me; when they ignorantly or idly loſe mens cauſes, and then make them pay them for their pains? Do not the *Pedagogical Monarchs* act by me; when every *Sarcaſtical* ſtripe is attended with a [*Sweet meat muſt have Sowre ſauce*] or an [*How ſweet are the fruits of idleneſs, Sirrah?*] Nay, Sir, that you may not accuſe me any more of inhumanity, I will prove to you that even that ſweet ſex, that is almoſt more than humane, takes pleaſure in nothing more than in acting by my precepts. Oh, what recreation it is to them to captivate men with their beauties, and then to reject them, perhaps chide them for their fondneſs or boldneſs: firſt to make them their priſoners in their enchanted Caſtle, and then to ſet open the gates and doors, and tell them (that are unable to ſtir) they may go when they pleaſe. It is enough for my vindication, Sir, (I preſume) to have prov'd my ſelf humane, which I doubt not, but I have done by the moſt unexceptionable inſtances. If you would have bulk as well as value, and number as well as weight, I will call in all my Country Regiments of *fooliſh*, *proud*, and *paſſionate* people, whoſe only Oratory is to upbraid thoſe, who are no wayes culpable, with their *Birth*, *Education*, *Relations*, *Fortunes*,

tunes, *Callings*, *natural defects*, or ſome ſuch thing, which is their *miſery* and not their *fault*. But if to civil and *humane*, I ſhould add that I am alſo a Religious *Figure*, and prove it too; I hope, I ſhould not only convince you, but amaze you, Sir. And what ſhould hinder ſuch an undertaking, except your patience? But becauſe I will not abuſe that, as I do all the reſt of the World, and make ſo great a Prince one of my Trophies, I will only ſuggeſt to you, that a great part of the reflections, that are made upon the vices of men, and the reproofs that are given them, are not ſo much *Caſtigatory* as *Sarcaſtical*; and the grave Cenſors take more pleaſure in having an occaſion to find fault, than they would, if there were no fault to be found.

Eclog. Truely, Erother, as inhumane as *Sarcaſme* is, I ſee, he is ordinarily prevalent in humane nature. I muſt needs confeſs, my Lord, that you have a goodly Company of fine Gentlemen to your Sons, who have been alſo very ſucceſsful Agents for their Prince.

Fig. Your Excellency would much more ſay ſo, if you ſaw all the Company, or heard all the Succeſſes. Theſe are only a few of thoſe that I had by Madam *Sententia*. I have

also a very hopeful issue by Madam *Dictio*, who have already begun to serve my noble Prince, and, I hope, in time will be as victorious as any of their elder Brothers. If it please your *Excellency*, I will onely shew you three or four of them.

Eclog. Withal my heart, my Lord. I pray, call them in.

Fig. *Sarcasme*, call in hither, *Elipsis*, *Pleonasme*, *Asyndeton*, *Polysyndeton*, *Tmesis*, and *Antanaclasis*.

Sarcasm. He will be a goodly Prince *Pronunciation*, when he shall have nothing to say for himself. [*Exit. Sarcasm.*

Fig. Your Excellency will please to pardon his rudeness, he is *Sarcasm*, and *Sarcasm* he will be in spite of the World.

Enter Ellipsis, Pleonasm, Asyndeton, Polysyndeton, Tmesis, *and* Antanaclasis.

Eclog. It were over good manners, my Lord, for any one to change his nature meerly in point of respect. But here are the Gentlemen, the small Officers you speak of. I pray, Sir, what is your name and Office?

Ellip. My name, Sir, is *Ellipsis*, or a defect of a word: my Office is to make men speak imperfectly, and herein I have instruct-

ed

ed the World sufficiently. But I have done far greater services for my Prince than that. By me (commonly call'd *want of the Word*) that mighty Prince the *Pope* keeps the people in due obedience to his Laws, and Rules, as absolutely as heart can wish. It is I that possess the dumb *Parsons*; and all the Proselytes they make owe to me. All *Cowards*, that betray the Truth by their unseasonable silence, and all *false Friends*, that have not a word to speak for their Friend in time of danger, are my Disciples. These if they were no more, I presume, may pass for a fair Conquest.

Eclog. You have done very well for your time, Sir. Are you married yet, I pray?

Ellip. Oh, no, Sir: I have no manner of acquaintance with the female Sex; and I almost despair to procure any. But, my Brother, *Pleonasm* is very great with them.

Eclog. Is your name *Pleonasm*, Sir?

Pleon. My name is *Pleonasm*, if it please your *Excellency*.

Eclog. That's spoke *Pleonastically* I'm sure; for so it is, whether it please me or no.

Pleon. Then, Sir, I hope, I spoke like my self. For I am that *Figure*, whereby any word unnecessarily abounds in discourse. I

not deny, neither am I asham'd of my acquaintance with the female Sex, so long as no worse comes of it than this, that by me they prove big with Words, but these, Sir, (altho they are a pretty sight when they are together) are but a small part of my Conquest. The *Trades-men* (who are the staple Party of every Kingdome) are all mine, and so are all their *Customers*. The greatest part of *Scholars* are mine, especially the *Gramarians*. In Morals I have prevail'd yet more. All *ambitious Princes* are my Vassails, and so are all *covetous rich men*, who trouble themselves for a great deal more than they need. There is but a third sort of men, the *Sensualists*, and amongst these I have a considerable interest too; especially among the *Veneral Pluralists*, who keep *many* women; when it is well known any man may have his belly full of *one*.

Eclog. Certainly, Sir, you seem to be born to great Fortunes. I pray, Sir, what account do you give of your self?

Asynd. I am *Asyndeton*, Sir, the defect of *Conjunctions* amongst the clauses of a sentence. In Morals, I have caus'd the want of Love and Union in all the World, and amongst all the members of it. By me States and Kingdomes fight, and kill, and conquer one another.

another. By me *Sects* of Philosophers, *Colledges* of Physicians, *Assemblies* of Divines fall foul upon one another, both in private, and before all the World. All the good Towns that have no dependence upon any chief Lord or chief Magistrate, but every man is Cock of his own Muck-hil, are my Conquest. But there are two Conditions of men of whom I am wont to boast above all the rest of my Prosylites; the highest and the lowest sort of my Subjects. The *high and mighty Common-wealths* that act very unanimously, tho without any visible connection or regular dependence, subsist wholly by me. And all the Swarm of *Beggars* that go together by *Apposition*, without any Legal *Conjunction* (and yet prove as fruitful as the best licens'd Couple in the Countrey) are all my Disciples and Prosylites.

Poly. Now I am of a quite different nature and Imployment, Sir, I am that *Figure* which bring in unnecessary Conjunctions in a Discourse: and not only therein, but in the Lives and Manners of men also. I have connected the *Sword* to the *Keyes* in the Papal Soveraignity. And made the *Spiritual man* (if one may call him a man) to be a *Secular Prince*. By me all the large spirited *Princes* of the Earth extend their Dominions over

Countreys and Kingdomes that are naturally nothing a kin to them; and the thirsty *Citizens* add one Lordship to another, which their Irrhetprical Fathers knew not a foot of, and themselves do not at all need, but that it is an handsome imbelishment. I brought in the pretty devise of marrying people over again by Justices of peace: and I'm resolv'd that rather than not revive it, I will put all the countrey Parsons in Commission. By me the *Professors of the drinking Trade* (Fellows of *Maudlin* Colledge) do chain glasse to glasse, and link them together so ingeniously (which, by a term of Art they call *Healthing*) that they shall reach from the King that sits upon the Throne even to mine Hostess that lies in the straw. This, oh this, is my Master-peece and I will challenge the *Royal Societies* of *England* and *France* to play me such another trick, as to make one poor barrel of Ale run as far with one continued stream, as either *Thame*, or *Severne*, or *Trent*.

Eclog. You have done enough, Sir, for your Age. May I beg some short account of you Sir, and of your *Atchievements*.

Tme. I am *Tmesis*, Sir, by name: my nature and Office is to interpose and disjoyne the parts of a compound word. But I have improv'd my faculty, and am no longer content

tent to make a diviſion of Words, but divide Perſons and Things too; and yet all by the honeſt way of *Interpoſition.* The beſt and ſafeſt way of carrying on Wars is by Treaties now and then, and Interventions. The moſt politick way of maintaining Diviſions is, that ſome perſon or other interpoſe, and pretend terms of Union; but then they ſhall be ſure to be ſuch as he knows one of the Partyes will never agree to, and ſo the breach is made wider in as much as the conſenting Party has got the advantage of crying Whore firſt, and as it were *cum previlegio* reproaches the other for being refractory. Theſe are my Inventions. I have taught all *Philoſophers* to to diſtinguiſh, all *Divines* to divide, (and with them it paſſes for a good Maxime, to this day, *Qui bene dividit, bene docet*), All *diſcontented* and *factious* Spirits to ſeparate; and all *Trades-men* by the *Interpoſition* of Covetouſneſs, to part *Honeſty* and *Gain*; which of old were great Cronyes. But my Maſter-peece lyes amonſt the *Sacrilegious Crew* that medle with other mens Wives. If men and their Wives be not a cloſe Complex, there is none in Nature, and yet I have ſuborn'd a Schiſmatical ſort of people to interpoſe between them, and to make a diviſion without a divorce. What is the moſt faſhionable

adultery, but at temporal *Tmesis* in Matrimony?

Eclog. Not to interrrupt, Mr. *Tmesis*, I perceive, by what hath been already said, that you have much propagated your Princes Dominions; and more are like to do. For this last sort of your Subjects are great *Breeders*. And now Sir, if you please to let me understand you, I shall go hence by so much the wiser than I came.

Anta. It is an hard thing to understand me Sir, I am that *Figure* by whom men repeat a Word in a Sentence, the same in sound but different in Sense. But I have obtained much more in Morals and Politicks than I have done in Sentences. All men that are either advanc'd in the World or depress are my subjects: for tho they keep the same Names, yet they have quite a different sense from what they had. When the Countrey *Sir John* happens to rise above the pitch of a plain Parson, he is so transported and inspir'd by the *Providentia Divina*, that he scarce remembers the Phrase of *Easter dues*, and is ready to grumble at a County or two for being too small a Parish. When the *Prince* comes to be King; tho he be *Henry* still, yet he renounceth the Rogue *Falstaff*, and all his works. When *Tom* or *Will* have commenc'd

Batch-

Batchelours, they do not abandon their Names; but yet they think ſcorn to be fellow Creatures with the Sophiſters. Put the Wench within a worſhipful pair of ſheets, and ſhe will ſoon forget to ſerve the Hogs I'le warrant her. The ſame I may ſay on the other hand.

Eclog. Nay, no more hands, I pray, Sir, I know well enough that *honores* (and *dolores* too) *mutant mores.* I thank your Lordſhip for the acquaintance of theſe ingenious Gentlemen. And now, I hope, I have ſeen your full ſtrength.

Ellog. Full ſtrength, Brother? Why I tell you Pronunciation it ſelf would ſcarce be ſufficient for the Enumeration of the Names only of them whom you have not ſeen. Canſt thou tell the Names of the reſt *Invention*?

Inven. If it pleaſe your *Excellency*, *aut inveniam*, *aut facian*; *aut inveniendo faciem.* I am acquainted with ſome few of Madam *Sententia*'s Son, ſuch as Mounſieur *Auxeſis*, *Eroteſis*, *Mimeſis*, *Synchoreſis*, *Antimetatheſis*, *Syneciosis*, *Tapinoſis*, *Paralipſis*, *Apophaſis*, *Metabaſis*, *Apodioxis*, *Apoſtrophy*, *Epitrophe*, *Hypobole*, *Paradiaſtole*, *Paromologe*, *Parabole*, *Aſtismus*, *Charientiſmus*, *Diaſyrmus*, *Meriſmus*, *Pæaniſmus*, *Admiratio*, *Execratio*, *Obſecratio*.

I have also seen Mounsieur *Icon*, *Oxymoron*, *Litote*, *Paradox*, *Hirmus* and *Votum*. But as for my Lords children by Madam *Dictio*, I think they are almost innumerable. But if your Excellency please, I think, I can hit on some few of their Names.

Eclog. No no *Invention*, do not trouble thy own head or my ears with a Company of hard Names. I know well enough if Names would carry it, my Brother would soon have the day, tho he had no more Officers than Mounsieur *Metonymy* alone to act for him.

Ellog. I hope, Brother, by this time you are convinc'd that I have more than a Name or Names either in the World, and *Eclogus* is ready to give sentence against *Pronunciation*. But if you have any thing whereby you may sustain your drooping Cause. I pray let us hear it.

Eclog. I have Sir, with a great deal of patience attended to the deceitful, partial, proud pretences of your Servants, whether indeed these be you Servants, or how far theirs are only pretences, I will not now stand to examine. But if you please that I shall call in my Son *Gesture* and my Daughter *Voice*, I doubt not but to make appear that your Conquests in the World are as much less than mine, as my Agents are fewer than yours, for all this.

Ellog.

Ellog. I shall be glad to see them Brother: for I know the Management will be ingenious as well as I know the Attempt will not be successful.

Eclog. Go *Affection* call them hither.

Affect. At your *Excellencies* Command I will; tho your *Excellency* knows, that two against two hundred is a very unequal Match; Especially when these two speaks and acts openly and sincerely, and they covertly and deceitfully.

Eclog. However *Affection*, plain and open dealing will carry it with a judicious and impartial Auditory. And I do not at all doubt, but that what they want in number they will abundantly compensate in strength of argument.

Affect. It is my duty however to obey your *Excellencyes* Commands, altho the same should prove repugnant to your Interest.

[*Exit* Affection.

Eclog. I hope to *Convince* you Brother, or if I should not, I am sure I am able to *Evince*, that both *Trophes* and *Figures* in all that they pretend to do, are nothing without me; and on the other hand that my Son and Daughter obtain marvellously in the World without them.

Enter

Enter Affection.

Ellog. Why how now *Affection*; have you not brought my Cosins, the young Princes, along with you?

Affect. They Commend their humble duty to their Father, and their humble service to your *Excellency*. But to tell you plainly, the dayes being short and cold, her Ladyship is not dresst yet; and the young Prince is at present somewhat indispos'd and benum'd through the extremity of the Season, and prays to be excus'd but a moment, and he will wait upon you.

Ellog. You had as good speak plainly, and confess, that Madam *Voice* is out of tune, and Prince *Gesture* is not in a posture to manage this dispute: for, I beleive, they are afraid to appear in a cause so desperate.

Eclog. Afraid Sir, what *Voice* afraid to speak? I will go and fetch her my self: for I know when she comes, she will get the Day, tho she be in her night-cloaths.

Ellog. Your Paternity, Sir, will allow you what behaviour you please to use: But I am not so ill-bred as to suffer such an incivility to be offer'd to a Princess of her Quality. If you please we will rather wait upon her in her Chamber.

Eclog.

Eclog. I thank your civility, Sir, and if you pleaſe I will wait upon you. But before we part I do here declare that Prince *Elocution* with all his *Tropes* and *Figures* ſignifies nothing without *Pronunciation*

Hereupon he begins a Gratias, *which all the reſt of the Boys follow, and ſtamp, and ſhout, and throw up their hats.*

[*Exeunt* Omnes.

FINIS.